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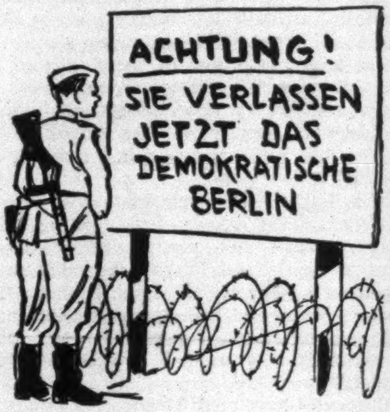

BERLIN REFUGEES
by John Mander

★

JOHN STRACHEY
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Large Animal

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LAWRENCE GOWING
Mind the Paintwork

Crisis in the Air

Last week's tragic air crash at Stavanger and this week's shocking revelations about another private airline should sound a warning note both to the government and to the private aviation companies. Obviously there must be a thorough inquiry into the deaths of the 34 schoolboys and their two teachers. But the government must also take a good hard look at the many-headed monster which it has created in the aviation industry.

Firstly, cut-throat competition can have no place in a sphere in which the primary concern must be public safety. Long before last week there was widespread anxiety at the delays that have been afflicting both the charter and the scheduled flights of many of the private airlines. Those delays have almost all had a single cause: the fantastically high utilisation rate of aircraft forced upon the private companies by the highly competitive nature of their business. A recent informal spot check at London Airport revealed that over eight days 70 out of 164 flight movements by one private airline had been subject to 'technical delay'. After the shocks of the past week the first thing the government should do is to accede to the demand – already mooted by some of the unions concerned – for a strengthening in the staff of the Air Registration Board and a consequent tightening in the facilities for the inspection of all commercial British aircraft.

That, however, will only be a beginning. Not even a public that is manifestly interested in cheaper air fares can be happy about a situation in which most charter flights are simply the result of a cut-to-the-bone bargain between a travel agency and a hirer of aircraft – whose company may even be registered abroad.

Significantly Overseas Aviation – the Channel Islands Company now threatened with liquidation – gives as one of the reasons for its difficulties the unwise bargains into which it entered with its travel agent clients last September. It should, it confesses, 'have charged the public at least £4 or £5 per head more on each tour'. There could be no more telling illustration of the sheer inappropriateness of private enterprise methods in a business in which safety must be matched by reliability.

Yet the government refuses to regard air transport as primarily a matter of public service rather than of private competition. It betrays all the signs of wanting 'to set the airways free'. Last June Mr Sandys' Civil Aviation (Licensing) Act of 1960 achieved its reward in the decision of the Air Transport Licensing Board to open the North Atlantic scheduled route to Cunard-Eagle. And in the present 'greedy scramble for plum routes' (the words are those of the secretary of BEA) 72 more applications for European and domestic flights by seven independent operators are awaiting a decision by the board. The ineffectiveness of the government's free enterprise remedy has already been proved by its own beneficiaries. No sooner had the two most powerful private airline companies – Cunard-Eagle, and British United Airways (both subsidiaries of shipping companies) – put in their rival applications than they decided to divide the market.

Some welcome this drift to cartels on the ground that the largest companies are more efficient: if they dominate the field there is likely to be less risk than from unbridled competition. Yet it will inevitably take some time for the weaker brethren to go to the wall – and the sudden collapse this week of Overseas Aviation (CI) Ltd may only be the first of many. In any case, in the transition period there should be certain minimum requirements. At the end of this summer there should be a complete review of all air operators' licences, certificates of airworthiness should from now on be required more regularly than once a year, and all travel agencies should be compelled by law to give exact details of the form of air transport they employ. Only by prompt measures of this kind can there be a recovery from the damage that British aviation and the travel business have suffered this week.

Comments on the Week's News

Africa

Moment of Decision

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The battle for Africa's centre of gravity is now joined. Black Africa rules itself; the South Africans are engaged in desperately strengthening their last bastion of white racialism; what happens in between these two extremes will determine the future character of the continent. If we exclude the weakening grip of the Portuguese and French colonists, the major decision seems to lie in East and Central Africa. On this will depend whether black nationalism becomes racialist and expels the white inhabitants, or co-operation is built between white, brown and black on a basis of equal individual citizenship. Whether, in short, Africa becomes a black continent contributing another racial factor to the world's colour war, or a land in which people are free to live and work whatever their origins and colour.

In this area of decision Nyasaland has this week had its first genuine election, giving Dr Banda proved public support for his object of breaking away from the white-dominated Federation. Joshua Nkomo, having failed in his efforts to persuade the Commonwealth Relations Office of the injustice of the new Southern Rhodesian constitution, has declared war on his country's white economy. Kenneth Kaunda, who has been coldly sacrificed by the Colonial Office to the pressures of Sir Roy Welensky and Lord Salisbury, finds his attempt at conciliation destroyed by British policy. He faces the tragic choice of leading his people in revolt or being replaced by others less squeamish over doing so. Moise Tshombe's lieutenants in the Katanga government, led by Finance Minister Kibwe, are openly flirting with Welensky and Verwoerd to link their mining province with the Southern whites, denying its revenues to the rest of the Congo, now hopefully under Adoula's representative government.

On the other hand, the release of Jomo Kenyatta may herald a new progressive era for East Africa. Already Julius Nyerere has led Tanganyika to the threshold of statehood, showing by example that inter-racial co-operation can lead to a non-racialism which protects the safety and enhances the progress of all races. Uganda awaits only the overcoming of Buganda feudal intransigence to follow suit. If Kenyatta can now bring together the two rival national parties in Kenya, mobilising the abilities of both sets of leaders and subduing rival tribalisms, he will turn the key to East Africa's progress. This would then enable him to fulfil his wider nationalist aspirations and, in association with Nyerere, establish a federation linking the resources and joining the markets of all East African countries.

The tragedy is that the example which East Africa has begun to show in subduing traditional racial prejudices is being ignored by its Central African neighbours. The two areas could become one huge federal unit associating agriculture, industry and mining in an economic progress which could transform African poverty into healthy social and economic development. To achieve this the immediate demand is for the privileged Europeans to recognise that the future of their life in Africa necessitates now a diversion of their skill from maintaining selfish wealth to contributing towards new national societies. In Tanganyika this has been accomplished and in Kenya it is hesitantly approaching. The crucial test is in Northern Rhodesia, for if the white settlers there were to follow the East African example it could not be long before their outlook spread southwards. The basic tragedy of Iain Macleod's capitulation to pressure is that it has persuaded the Northern Rhodesian whites that Welensky can protect their privilege for another few years. They had been brought reluctantly to recognise that their future depends on making terms with Kaunda, whom the more intelligent white leaders, like Sir Ronald Prain, recognise as a potential national statesman. Welensky's victory, however, has thrown them back into the reactionary persuasions of the Johannesburg Anglo-American Corporation and the British South Africa Company (both of which support Welensky) thus needlessly provoking further racial conflict. Kaunda is still prepared to make concessions, demanding no more than that the *apartheid* measure of isolating Asian and Coloured voters be dropped and that the weighting of the nationalist seats in favour of Welensky's white candidates be amended.

The price of refusing these concessions is British forcible suppression of African nationalism in Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland's rejection of Central in favour of East Africa, and bitter racial conflict destroying any hope of white-black co-operation. If this is to be the price for the futile attempt to preserve Federation against the clear rejection of its inhabitants, the last hope of Britain fostering the growth of non-racialist democracy and avoiding the tragedies of South Africa will be destroyed. The society which then emerges will hardly be an asset to the cause of world peace and will certainly react violently against the principles of the western world.

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NEXT WEEK

My Life in the Secret Service

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
with illustrations by VICKY

United States

Showdown or Settlement?

MERVYN JONES *writes*: After two months of talking to farmers in Colorado, steelworkers in Pittsburgh, students at Harvard, Union Square philosophers in New York, and a chance assortment of neighbours in plane, bus and train, I feel that I must have been missing something. Friends in Britain seem to see America either as a nation whipped up to war frenzy or as a champion of freedom. In fact I found that many Americans are still not thinking about the crisis at all. Those who are, when they can talk at leisure and not in the flutter of a street interview for the television, reveal a human complex of uncertainties, contradictory ideas and personal worries. Anyone who describes 'the national mood' in a sentence is inventing it.

Take first, as so many journalists do, a taxi-driver. This was a few days ago in Boston. 'We're still pretty strong – this country, Britain and France,' he said, 'so I reckon we'll make out all right'. I asked: 'In a war?' He turned round in astonishment: 'Who said anything about war? I mean, when the shouting is over we'll get the kind of settlement we want'.

Although I have read American newspapers which assert that negotiation with Krushchev is wrong in principle, I never met an American who gave this as his personal view. I met many who thought that the time for negotiation had not yet come, that American strength (political rather than military) must first be built up from the low point it had reached under Eisenhower, that Kennedy's action in calling up reserves and doubling the draft quota would help in securing 'the kind of settlement we want'. One can think this outlook disastrously mistaken – I do. But one must, in honesty, distinguish it from a longing for a showdown.

Reports of American belligerence are, immediately, the fault of the American press and of those British correspondents who compose their dispatches by reading it. Beyond this, the blame lies with Mr Menshikov, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, who declared on a public occasion (a Washington cocktail party is by definition a public occasion) that 'when the chips are down, the American people won't fight for Berlin'. If Mr Menshikov returns to his post, Krushchev is not the man I take him for. The instant result was to make Americans across the nation declare in tones of outrage that they would indeed fight for Berlin: not because they had seriously thought of doing so, but because a Russian had called them chicken.

If American opinion is, as I think, closer to British opinion than most reports suggest, are there no differences? I believe there are three. Firstly, there is no significant opposition to Kennedy's policy; almost everyone is prepared to 'let him handle it'. The American organisation most comparable to CND called on its branches for a national lobby to protest against the call-up plans; 20 people went to Washington.

Secondly, Americans have still no idea – by which I mean not factual information, but an imaginative grasp – of what nuclear war would be like. An official who had spent both his childhood and the war in Europe remarked to me: 'The thought that a society can collapse is just beyond them'. He described to me a Pentagon briefing, frank and terrifying enough, which was listened to in boredom. A recent press release told us blandly that plans were ready, 'in the event of nuclear war', for censorship, rationing, transport priorities, and wage and price controls. Thus, while there is aversion from war, there is no horror of war. In Union Square I heard one man say there always would be wars and another add that civilisation advances through wars – the last war gave us penicillin, the next might be equally beneficial. In a crowd of 50, nobody contested this view.

Finally, one often hears neurotic denials of Soviet strength (one also hears hysterical exaggerations, but less commonly). Once I was solemnly assured, by a far from stupid man, that Russia has not and has never had any nuclear weapons. A parent asked me what she should tell her child after the teacher had assured the class that Gagarin's flight was a fake.

The picture is far from being as tidy as press reports suggest. A New England mechanic incarnated the contradictions: 'We ought to back Kennedy to the limit. And it's a good thing Truman isn't in charge; we never needed to fight in Korea, and we would be fighting in Germany now if he was around.' I have only two conclusions. The President is free to do as he wishes; and, if he achieves a negotiated settlement, America will applaud.

New Delhi

No Heir-Presumptive

A New Delhi Correspondent writes: The old question 'after Nehru, who?' is to remain unanswered. The Congress Party has decided to elect itself this week two deputy leaders, one for each House of Parliament. It will also delete from its constitution the clause that gave leadership powers to the former sole deputy in the leader's absence.

The decision follows the wishes of the Prime Minister, who has consistently refused to name any heir-presumptive. After the death of Pandit Pant, the Home Minister, early this year, the election of a new deputy soon degenerated into a savage wrangle. The leading contenders were Morarji Desai, the Finance Minister, and Mr Lal Bahadur Shastri, the new Home Minister, with Mr Jagjivan Ram, the untouchables' spokesman and Minister for Railways, chuffing behind.

Nehru promptly made it plain that he had no preference, and that anyway he did not regard the deputy leadership as an automatic step to the top. In power terms it is: his refusal to choose stems from a genuine democratic instinct, but his down-grading of the post certainly suggests, as observers here have had fun pointing out, that he has no great wish to see any one of his ministerial colleagues trying on his shoes. Morarji, the right-wing choice, is no doubt a disappointed man.

Even on these terms, the party declared itself pathetically unable to make up its own mind. Nehru then proposed the present compromise, drawing a parallel with the situation some years ago, when Congress briefly had two deputies. The difference is that then everybody knew who counted. Now it will have two deputy leaders both of whom neither deputise nor lead. Even that may have been thought better than offering the electors a repeat of April's spectacle of Congressmen fighting like cats.

The Peerage

Benn's New Fight

ANTHONY HOWARD *writes:* 'Very cheeky' was the apt description given this week by the Secretary of the Bristol SE Labour Party to Mr Malcolm St Clair's conditional offer to resign his seat in the Commons. Neither Mr St Clair nor the Conservative Central Office seems yet to have understood that, having been beaten by something over 13,000 votes, it is scarcely up to them to lay down conditions or to dictate terms. Yet Mr St Clair's action in opening the bidding (ludicrously pitched though it was) may well help Mr Wedgwood Benn's cause: it is now open to the democratically-elected member for Bristol SE – as opposed to the constituency's court-house representative – to reply with any counter-offer he cares to make.

If, in fact, Mr St Clair is really genuine in the embarrassment he claims to feel at having been seated on a minority vote, he may shortly have the opportunity to prove it. For if Mr Wedgwood Benn does decide not to press his claim to the hilt by standing for Bristol again, the very least that he and the Bristol party are entitled to demand is a firm pledge from Mr St Clair (or preferably someone more important) that the government will immediately introduce legislation enabling the renunciation of titles, and possibly also a guarantee of no government opposition to any interim candidate that the Labour Party chooses to put in the field whilst the necessary legislation goes through. Neither Mr St Clair nor the Conservative Central Office can expect to be extricated from their present difficulties for less.

Those difficulties are, of course, real. Throughout the whole controversy the relationship between the Bristol SE Conservative Association, its candidate and the Conservative Central Office has been far from beautiful. It has not been forgotten on either side that the chairman of the association went out of his way to insult a member of the government at one of the meetings during the by-election, or indeed that Mr Butler's offer of a joint committee on Lords reform was considered in Bristol to be the death-knell of any hopes that the local Tories had.

Moreover the very formula which Mr St Clair put out this week through the agency of the Conservative Central Office bore all the marks of an unhappy compromise. Almost from the moment of his humiliating defeat Mr St Clair is known to have been personally anxious to return to his former obscurity with all decent speed; the Conservative Central Office, on the other hand, has been at pains to persuade him to sit tight and brazen it out. It was galling for it to find his cause deserted last Tuesday even by the *Daily Telegraph*. That paper's advice to Mr St Clair was brief and to the point. It was that 'he would be best advised to resign regardless'.

With all this as the background it is barely believable that the Labour Party should this week have set its face towards a course which at one blow would destroy all the benefit and good-will that it has gathered from the campaign so far. For Mr Wedgwood Benn, having fought one constitutional battle, now finds himself seriously confronted with another. Put briefly, it is that the Transport House machine – represented by Mr Ray Gunter (the chairman of the Organisation Sub-Committee) and Miss Sara Barker (the assistant national agent) – has apparently decided that Mr Wedgwood Benn is ineligible to be a candidate for the Labour Party's National Executive: that, in effect, having been denied his democratic right to sit in the forum of the nation he is now to suffer exactly the same fate in the central body of the Labour Party.

The temptation, of course, is to believe that the whole issue has now gone clean through the looking-glass – and it is no doubt as such that the Tories will gleefully leap upon it. But in fairness it has to be recognised that there is something of a dilemma – at least of the kind that has an irresistible attraction for civil service minds. For the Labour Party constitution and standing orders lay down that to be nominated for the National Executive an individual member of the party must either be chosen as a delegate and nominated as a candidate for the executive by the constituency in which he resides, or alternatively be either a member of parliament or an adopted candidate put up by his own constituency party. The difficulty that seems to have captivated the collective mind of Transport House is that Mr Benn, now that the election court has spoken, cannot easily be fitted into either the category of an adopted candidate or of that of a member of parliament. Nor, unfortunately, can he be an ordinary delegate, as he does not live in Bristol and his own home constituency (North Kensington) made its own delegate selection as long ago as last May.

The residential qualification rule was never probably a wise one, and it has caused trouble before. But although it is clearly too late for it to be altered in time for this year's conference, the National Executive could with ease grant Mr Benn a special dispensation in all the circumstances of the Bristol episode. If it does not do so (and there is some fear that, with Mr Michael Foot's status in doubt for other reasons, the Executive may not be the most disinterested body to make the decision) it should clearly understand that it may, overnight, take pride of place even to the Conservative Central Office as the laughing-stock of the nation.

Fleet Street

Millionaires' Playground

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes*: Millionaires normally come one for 3d. in Fleet Street. One per paper. Except of course for the *Guardian*. Eccentric as ever it has none, unless one counts Roy Thomson, who is going to print it in London: a millionaire-in-law as you might say. However, come October, and the wholesale trade is moving in: half a dozen for 2s. 'Six British millionaires are amongst the backers of the new British news weekly *Topic* which comes on sale for the first time on 18 October', announces the glossy hand-out now being distributed to potential advertisers and other interested parties, by the public relations firm given the job of making the world aware that this new weekly is about to be born. The advance literature is somewhat breathless. Six millionaires after all is quite a lot – each one of them, we are told, with that catch in the throat that betrays the public relations man in the presence of true greatness, 'could have taken the sums involved out of their petty cash accounts'. For the sake of *Topic* I hope they did not. As a seventh millionaire, the one who got away, remarked to me looking over the 'dummy' of the new paper last week, 'I never put up money unless I don't want to lose it. There's no bonus in loose change'.

However, not quite all those behind *Topic* are millionaires. There is also Commander Edward Phillips 'former No 2 at the British Embassy in Paris under Duff-Cooper'. According to the public relations hand-out the best that can be claimed for him is that he is a brother-in-law of a millionaire Mr Guinness. Rather shame-making in such company. And there is Sir Charles Russell, 'grandson of the famous advocate', Mr Joseph Deanfield 'fur importer' (mink, one hopes) and Maurice Macmillan 'son of the Prime Minister'. Commander Phillips' experience in protocol at the Foreign Office seems likely to be needed when they all meet. There was also nearly Mr Randolph Churchill, 'son of the ex-Prime Minister', no doubt. However, Mr Churchill's friends can keep their petty cash ('I am very fond of Randolph', one of them said to me, 'but do you think I really have to put up some money?'). He has now dropped out. This seems a pity. Although not, one feels, cast by nature for the task of Editor-in-Chief of an 'objective' news review, interpreting the British viewpoint 'without reference to any political party', it would have been nice to see him at work among all those millionaires.

Chief millionaire is Mr John Powell, 'fifty-three year old property millionaire' and 'dynamic Chairman of Park Investments Ltd'. He believes the new paper 'will do much for the trade and prestige of the country' (with 64 pages, weekly 2s, initial print order 125,000). Those wishing to ask him more about this are, says the public relations firm responsible for *Topic* publicity, a shade wistfully, 'asked to contact his personal PRO'. Certainly Mr Powell is a busy man. His company owns 'some of the most prominent buildings recently constructed in London' and has just arranged a £4,500,000 loan to build some more. However, he is finding time to be chairman of the *Topic* board which, in addition to some of his fellow millionaires and Mr Maurice Macmillan, is to include Mr Dominick Elwes. One experienced newspaperman has also found a place, too – Mr Len Spooner, who has the dual distinction of having been Editor of both the deceased *Picture Post* and the deceased *Illustrated*. I hope he will not feel lonely.

Although the last British attempt at a news magazine eventually failed – it had only one millionaire – there may well be a case for another experiment. Both *Time* and *Newsweek*, despite their strong American bias, sell appreciable, although not very large, numbers here, and Mr Roy Thomson, who was in the market for *Newsweek* when it was recently sold but was ruled out because he is Canadian, is known to have turned over in his mind the possibility of starting one here: no doubt he will be watching the outcome of the present venture with a beady eye. At a time when death rather than birth is the fashion among magazines it is pleasant to find a new one being launched and despite the silliness of much of its advance publicity I hope *Topic* will succeed. The question is, whether, where there is a national press, not a regional one like the United States, there is (a) enough material and (b) enough reader interest left over after daily and Sunday papers have done their job, to provide an adequate market for a 2s news weekly. To add to the problem, the *Sunday Times* is shortly proposing to add to the Sunday richness it already offers a photogravure weekly which will cover some of the same ground as *Topic* – and be given away free with the rest of the paper. At the moment, therefore, Fleet Street as a whole regards *Topic* with some scepticism.

The Last of the Refugees?

JOHN MANDER

So it looks as if Marienfelde – the reception centre for the Berlin refugees – will be going out of business. When I was in Berlin three weeks ago, 1,000 refugees a day were coming over. Last week, after Krushchev's radio harangue, the figure rose to 2,000; last Saturday it leapt to 2,500. Now, if the German Communists seal off West Berlin with anything like German efficiency, it'll be no more than a dribble. But while it lasted, Marienfelde was the seismograph of the cold war; it recorded the pressure of Krushchev's every word and gesture. Yet politics was never the whole story: it explained the fluctuations, rather than the steady flow. Economic factors were no less important. And here the press of the free world often gave a misleading impression.

Reading the West German press, one might well have pictured East Germans as cowed, ill-clothed and undernourished people. 'Queues for potatoes', one read, 'butter ration cut back'. Certainly, I saw people queuing for potatoes when I was there, even in the March of Brandenburg – where the Prussians had once erected a statue to Sir Francis Drake. Yet butter consumption per head was actually higher in East, statistics claimed, than in West Germany. And certainly the crowds at Marienfelde did not look starved. Most refugees were well turned out; all were well nourished. Young men stood about in groups, smoking and talking. Young mothers sat patiently, awaiting their turn at the surgery; confident the Herr Doktor would provide. Even Herr Ulbricht's state did not seem to have undermined the German faith in the state as such. Odd. Marienfelde, it struck me, was like nothing so much as the local Labour Exchange.

Which, for some 80 per cent of the refugees, is what it was. Marienfelde meant 'freedom', one was told. But to the professional libertarians who conducted the interviews with the incoming refugees, this freedom was a somewhat abstract thing. Western peoples had it; Communists had it not. There was something inappropriately fanatical in their gestures when they spoke of it. To these middle-aged German ideologists of freedom (what were they saying and doing, *anno* 1941?) a refugee was a man who had chosen the good: he had escaped from the realm of unfreedom. One doubted whether the refugees themselves saw the world in quite such black and white terms. Sixteen years under Communism gives you a tough hide against any kind of ideology.

The real freedom of Marienfelde was much simpler: it was the worker's freedom, under capitalism, to sell his labour to the highest bidder. The majority of the refugees were doing just that. Nor did they pretend, in casual conversation, to higher motives (in the official interviews, they put forward a more political explanation: 'political' refugees got preferences). They were, of course, denounced by the Communist press and radio for selling themselves to the 'organs of monopoly capitalism', to the 'slave-dealers of Bonn revanchism'. But Communists, like anti-Communists, overrate man as a political animal. The young workers at Marienfelde were interested in the West's heavier pay-packets. Even more, in what the money in those packets would buy. They were often grateful for the free schooling, health services, apprenticeship they had enjoyed in the East (this is not what they told the interviewers). Very likely, they would not have had the same grounding in the West. But you couldn't 'get ahead' in the East, they told me. In the Ruhr, opportunity beckoned.

It is this 'economic gradient' from East to West that kept the flow of refugees steady at some 400 a day for so many years. And the economic gradient itself had little to do with Communism. It had existed at least since the industrialisation of the Ruhr. For a century, the population of eastern Germany (except Berlin) had been declining, and that of west Germany been on the increase. It has been calculated that the transfer of population from East to West, if no Communist regime had existed, would have approximated to the refugee average (bearing in mind that, though the East has industrialised since the war, the West has industrialised even faster). Both sides made much play with the 'abnormality' of the refugee problem. But the flow of immigrants from one part of Germany to another was in itself normal. Abnormal was the legislation which made such immigration a criminal offence.

But I had the impression, talking to younger refugees, that it was 'opportunity', in the most bourgeois sense of that word, rather than wages themselves that made the West attractive. Most of them had to recap on exams in the West, and accept being several years behind their work-mates or fellow-students. In the West, promotion is slow, competition stiff; in the East, the bright young man with a party card can hope to run a factory at 25. But what was the good of cash, they complained, if there was nothing to spend it on, and you couldn't invest it? Nobody starves in the GDR, agreed. But you wait six months for a refrigerator, two years for a car. Yesterday the potato supply failed; today the toothpaste distribution breaks down; tomorrow the spare parts give out. Planning? It's a dirty word.

Communist propaganda is all *Zukunftsmusik*. But the music of a future in the West was plainly sweeter to these young people than unscrupulous Communist appeals to their idealism. Marienfelde was a triumph for bourgeois ideology. Significantly it was Dr Erhard, preacher of export-joy to the West Germans, who coined the best description for the East German economy: *Konsummisere* – consumers' misery. My sputnik from the East German Foreign Office, a *croyant* Communist, told me of the money troubles of a famous atomic physicist in Dresden. The man had done the Socialist state some service; the state desired to award him. His salary rose by leaps and bounds. Soon, he was being paid more than he could hope to spend. The Party stepped in: an unlimited account was opened for him at the bank. My guide was ecstatic. For him, clearly, this was an anticipation of Communist abundance, a token of future bliss. For most refugees, the story sums up their objections to Ulbricht's system.

For about 80 per cent, then, of the cheerful, rain-coated crowds, Marienfelde was no more than a Labour Exchange. But for some 20 per cent it was always much more than that. At this end of the spectrum, where the economic gradient was inoperative, motives were oddly mixed. There were the psychological cases, quickly spotted by the interviewers: the girl-run-away-from-home, the pathological grouser, the boy-from-Leipzig-who-got-his-girl-into-trouble, the square peg, the misfit. A few were turned back or passed on to the police: the criminal element and suspected spies or agitators (the police forces of East and West cooperate in criminal investigation: espionage often took the form of *Betriebsspionage;* West German trade secrets being as valuable as political information).

Perhaps 10 per cent were 'political' refugees; and here the interviewers had their own elaborate categories. Party membership was not held against you – if you could prove that pressure was put on you. There were a few disillusioned Communists, who left the GDR more in sorrow than in anger, bringing their beliefs with them. But most of the 'political' refugees were, rather, refugees from politics. For them, to be free was to be left alone. Here, petty persecution from Communist jacks-in-office was often more resented than direct political pressure. A middle-aged woman schoolteacher, whose official interview I sat in on, had held out for years against any Marxist-Leninising of her biology lessons. What brought her to Marienfelde was something quite personal. She had asked for permission to see her brother in West Germany; 'you're not going to see that brother of yours again, woman. Ever', she was told.

Of course, for the Communists Marienfelde had always been a running sore – though at first they argued that they were conveniently getting rid of bourgeois elements. Their perplexity in knowing how to cure it was evident. They blew hot and cold. They threatened more than once to seal the escape routes, and then drew back. Flight from the GDR was made a criminal offence; the fatted calf, on the other hand, was held ready for the returning prodigal. It was claimed that a fifth or a third returned to the GDR (when I was there the East German authorities had no statistics to hand – always a suspicious sign in a Communist country – but most western observers there put the figure at between 5 and 10 per cent). In Marienfelde's more modest counterpart in East Berlin, I asked some of these refugees-in-reverse why they had opted for Communism. A few trotted out, understandably, standard Communist jargon (here, too, the politicals got preference). Most gave economic reasons, pointing to the areas where, under a state Socialist system, the economic gradient works the other way. Rents were a universal complaint; in the East, where rents are controlled, they average 50 DM a month, in the West they soar to 200 or 300 DM a month. Many working-class households found that the heavier pay-packet simply didn't fill this gap.

Most refugees knew this, before they left for the West. They knew, too, that if they failed in the West, the East with its economic cushion, would break their fall. A certain proportion of these people, then, were failures, people who had not made the western grade. Others had chosen to return for reasons that might make an intelligent Communist wince – like the boy who said he'd come back because his life wasn't 'organised' for him in the West. There were also, as at Marienfelde, the psychologicals; and a good deal of shunting went on, at a non-political level, between the two ideological camps. No doubt the lunatic and criminal fringes were there too; and interviewers had to keep an eye cocked for the gentlemen of the CIA.

But, as an argument, the small number of refugees who returned (or West Germans who emigrated to the GDR) hardly bore the weight the Communists put upon it. Failure to adapt to capitalist society might, arguably, reflect on the nature of that society. More often it reflected on the individual concerned. As long as the GDR offered only the cushion theory of Socialism, the bourgeois ethics of Marienfelde got the better of the argument. Could it have been otherwise? One case suggested to me that it could. An East German couple went to live in Hamburg. Whenever they found fault with anything in West Germany, they were instantly denounced as Communists. 'You come over here and expect us to keep you, then you start criticising us,' they were told. Fed up, despite the good wages, they made up their minds to go back to the East. Why? They decided the Hamburg people were quite right: they'd really been Communists all along.

Why Singapore Matters

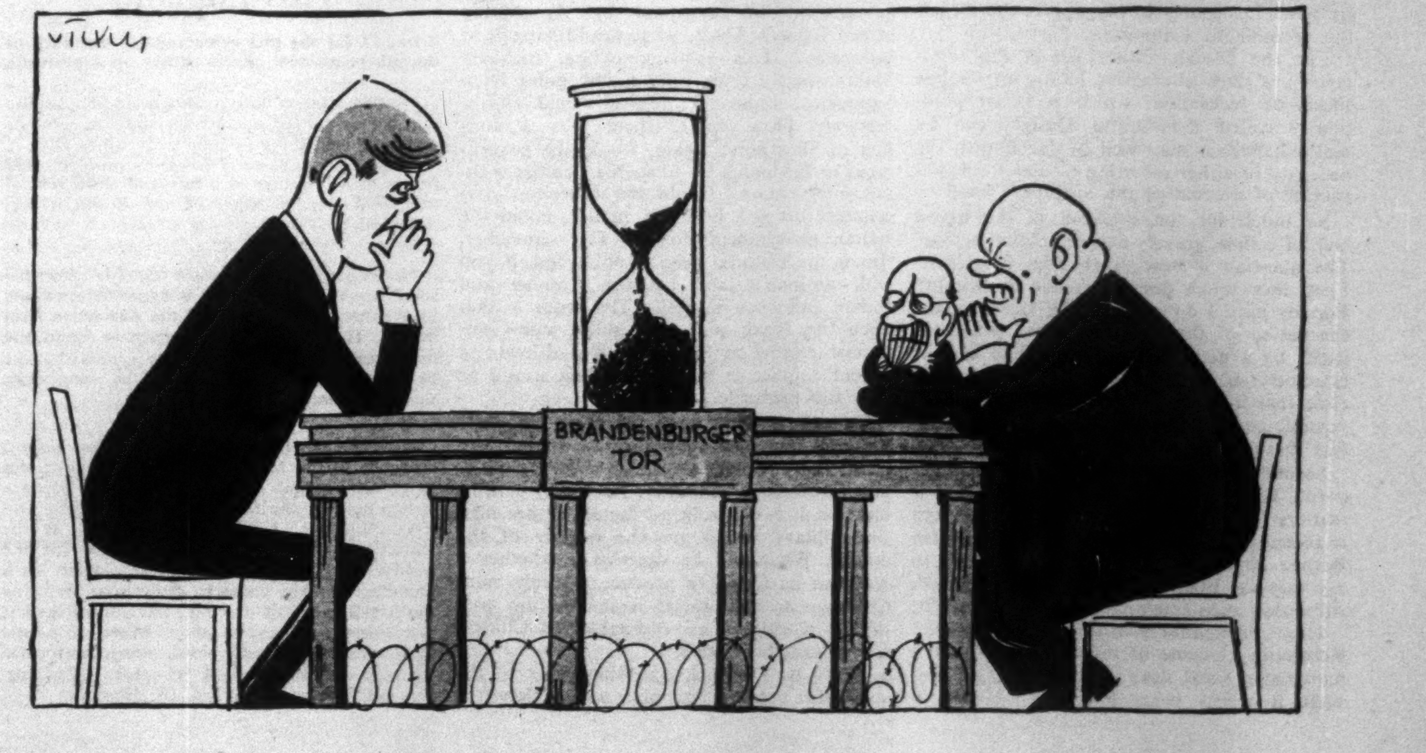
JOHN STRACHEY

In this crisis-ridden world, it is a thankless task to call attention to a new crisis. But one is coming up in South East Asia and we shall have to face it sooner or later. In a sentence, what is happening is that democratic government in the city-state of Singapore is tending to become impossible. If it breaks down altogether, this may well provoke a general conflict in South East Asia.

Why is democratic government tending to break down in Singapore? The first reason is that Singapore is, as to 75 per cent of its population, a Chinese city. It is, I believe, because its inhabitants are predominantly Chinese, not because they are predominantly Communist, that the situation is critical. The best judges believe that the citizens of Singapore are by no means enthusiastic about conditions in Communist China: they have too many relations there; they have to send too many food parcels to them; and they have too often to try and get one of them out of China. But what they are enthusiastic about is China: 5,000 years of effortless, not to say arrogant, superiority, have given an indescribable force to the present renaissance of the Chinese people.

The second reason is because the City State of Singapore can have little hope of a viable independent future. She is too small, too densely populated, too closely affiliated to the economic life of the Federation of Malaya. The third reason is that the present status of Singapore is obviously transitory, stop-gap and unsatisfactory.

I was invited to Singapore by the present, democraticly elected but only semi-independent Singapore government during April and May of this year in order to lecture on the theme of my recent book *The End of Empire.* By the end of my stay, I had come to the conclusion that the present situation



in Singapore would be more appropriately called the Fag-End of Empire. It is the fault of nobody in particular, but the semi-colonial status of the city is profoundly unsatisfactory.

For these three principal reasons – and many more – the present government, founded on the Peoples Action Party, and led by Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, is facing increasing difficulties. The government has lost two crucial by-elections and, as a result, the PAP is beginning to split. The PAP is a genuinely anti-colonialist party, but it is also predominantly anti-Communist, although it contains some Communist or pro-Communist elements. These have now split off and have been joined by various, politically somewhat nondescript, public men. The PAP majority in the Legislature, which was overwhelming, has been reduced to narrow limits.

What has brought this situation to a head is, paradoxically enough, the first conciliatory move towards Singapore on the part of the Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya, Tunku Abdul Rahman. On 27 May last, for the first time, he envisaged the possibility of the federation of the City of Singapore together with the British Borneo territories (Sarawak, British North Borneo and Brunei) with the Federation of Malaya. This was the kind of solution for which Lee Kuan Yew has always worked. Dramatically, but not unexpectedly, the Tunku's conversion to this idea acted as the touchstone which separated the pro- and anti-Communist elements in the PAP. For such a federation of Malaya, Singapore and the Borneo territories would create a viable, and for that matter economically strong, non-Communist, independent state in South East Asia. It emerges as the one practicable alternative to Chinese dominance.

The reason why the Tunku will only contemplate the inclusion of Singapore in such a federation if it is accompanied by the inclusion of the British Borneo territories, is, of course, that without them, but with Singapore, the majority of the Federation's population would be Chinese instead of as at present Malay, or Malay and Indian. Increasingly, I suspect, public men in Singapore will have to declare themselves in favour of some such federal scheme as this or to accept the leadership of the Chinese government and its powerful agency in Singapore, the illegal, but formidable, Communist Party.

For the British authorities in the semi-colony, a stark alternative looms up: unless this wide federation, which is rather pompously called the Grand Design, can be realised, Britain may well be faced with the necessity of either reverting to direct colonial rule or of evacuating the Singapore base.

So much for the situation in the barest and, of course, gravely over-simplified outline. The question is how much does it matter? First, how much does it matter to Britain? For my part, I do not take the view that the evacuation of the Singapore base would, in itself, be a catastrophe for us. The base is extremely expensive and it is by no means clear that it would, in practice, be politically possible to use the forces there in some conflict in some other part of South East Asia.

Second, how much does it matter to Singapore? The answer to this question is that it matters far more. Until and unless Singapore is federated with Malaya and/or the British Borneo territories, it is hardly too much to say that she lives on the base; if the British withdrew, mass unemployment would result.

How much does it matter to the world? Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that it mattered a great deal to the world. At first sight it might seem that the Chinese in Singapore (who, after all, we brought there) ought to be allowed to go Communist if they want to, and to take their orders from the government of their motherland in China. But then one begins to reflect on what in fact would be likely to happen if the Chinese Communists got control of Singapore.

After all, Singapore is in Malaya, not China; there is a relatively small but quite vigorous Malay minority in Singapore itself; and there is a Malay majority in the Federation of Malaya. Moreover the Malays, not unnaturally, think that Malaya is their country. Again, the Federation of Malaya under its independent, predominantly Malay government, is an undoubted success story. It is the most economically advanced part of South East Asia, with the highest standard of life. We Socialists may not like the fact that it is a predominantly conservative, capitalist type of development: but there it is. Nor is it true that all the money is going to Chinese millionaires and Malay landlords. Quite a lot is of course; but quite a lot is also going to the superb new University of Kuala Lumpur, to the development of the country, to the slowly but steadily increasing wage of the rubber workers who are now being effectively organised into trades unions, and even to the Malay and Chinese peasants. Nobody who goes from any other South East Asian country to Malaya can possibly miss the fact that this is a vigorous, flourishing concern, most unlikely to show any willingness to be subverted by the Chinese Communists of Singapore or anyone else.

Moreover, as the Malays do not fail to inform one, Singapore is strategically at their mercy: its water supply comes from the mainland; it is, as the British ought to know, readily invadable from the mainland. So long as the Federation of Malaya is in the hands of a predominantly Malay government, there is no question of them tolerating a Chinese Communist government in Singapore.

But of course the fact that an independent pro-Chinese, pro-Communist government in Singapore would result in armed conflict with the Federation of Malaya is only an example of the complications which it would produce. Would the government in Peking tolerate the suppression of a pro-Chinese, pro-Communist government in Singapore by the Malay armed forces? Again, what would happen to Indonesia? This vast, sprawling, inchoate Malay society lying only a few miles from Singapore across the Straits, would almost certainly blow up if there was a conflict in Singapore. Again, would the government in Peking sit by in such a conflict without intervention? Could the American government do so? For that matter, could the Indian government do so? For remember, this is the historic meeting point and, if you will, no-man's land between Chinese and Indian influence in Asia. The truth is that once the lynch pin of a stable non-Communist regime in Singapore was drawn, an all-out conflict in South East Asia would be only too probable.

For all these reasons, we must conclude that the fate of Singapore does matter very much indeed to the world. It matters politically rather than militarily. As usual, it turns out that it is the political factors rather than the military which are the essence of the matter. What will be decisive is whether a way can be found to produce a viable, non-Communist, multi-racial regime in this part of the world, as an alternative to Chinese Communist hegemony.

There is, I repeat, one alternative to the successful achievement of a wide federation, and that is the re-establishment of direct colonial rule in Singapore. I do not say that this is impossible: we have the force to do it and if the worst came to the worst, in the short run it could be done. But how long would it last? The analogy of Hong Kong, that still extremely successful directly-ruled colony, is surely misleading. Once a native, democratically-elected government has been established, it is hardly possible to go back to direct colonial rule except as the merest stop-gap measure.

What remains, then, except the promotion of the so-called Grand Design? The job cannot, of course, be done by us: it will be done, if at all, by those two remarkable men, Tunku Abdul Rahman of the Federation of Malaya, and Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore. Nevertheless, the British government have an indispensable part to play, since the Borneo territories are still direct colonies. It is said, no doubt with truth, that they are not yet ready for federation with Malaya and Singapore. But can their unreadiness really be allowed to obstruct the only way in which, as it seems, a viable non-Communist state can come into being as a successor state to the British Empire in South East Asia? I may be wrong: I hope I am; but I have the haunting feeling that we have months rather than years in which to help to achieve what appears to be the one remaining non-violent solution to the problems of this part of South East Asia.

Like many another visitor to Singapore, I was taken out to spend the day on the tiny islet of the Straits which contains the Raffles Lighthouse. At the base of the Lighthouse is a plaque on which a Colonel Butterworth wrote, in the 1850s, a ringing inscription. *'Haec pharos . . .'* it begins in the Colonel's no doubt Haileybury Latin. However, Butterworth provided a translation in which he wrote of the light guiding the shipping of the world into Singapore, this 'incomparable emporium of the Indic Seas'. We must face the fact that if that light is put out in chaos and disorder, there may be a general conflict in South East Asia.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Parsons who condemn Bingo do not realise that people are fed up with their lifeless sermons and want something to keep their minds alive.

Bingo takes folk away from sex problems and brings them together in a fair and clean relaxation. – Letter in *News of the World.* (Janet Ashworth.)

No longer does the Army's standing target for small arms practice depict a figure at attention, in Wehrmacht uniform and the distinctive steel helmet. The new target – a charging figure and more realistic than the old one – looked more like a Russian than anything, the spokesman said. – *Observer.* (Michael Ward.)

Over the last twelve months there has been a tendency in the furniture and decorating trades to go semi-period, a trend that is now taking a strong hold on the fashions. Being a strong Do-it-Yourself fan, I feel quite alarmed, as the materials available were not suitable for the handyman. Now we can all breathe again for a manufacturer has come to our rescue, bringing out a full range of carvings, including Regency, Baroque, Louis and Rococo. Made of plastic these mouldings can be glued, pinned or formed by heat and will not chip or crack. – *Teddington and Hamptons Record.* (A. Houben.)

London Diary

CRITIC

The Bonn Germans are accusing the West – and Britain in particular – of dragging their feet about Ulbricht's action in Berlin. Ribald comments are certainly being made about the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary grouse-shooting on the moors. I should be surprised if the Germans do not reproduce press photographs of Mr Macmillan and his colleagues holiday-making in their tweeds. But then what do they expect Mr Macmillan or anyone else to do? Even if the rash statements of Dean Rusk and others about East Germany infringing our treaty rights are correct – which leading lawyers think very dubious – I am bothered if I know what sanctions are supposed to follow. Nobody, I take it, wants to start a war with rockets. If we move up more troops, the Russians will merely do the same thing, with the result of dangerously increasing tension with no compensating advantage. If West Germany starts an economic blockade, the East Germans point out, with disagreeable accuracy, that this would upset the whole agreement of 1951, and give Ulbricht an excellent excuse for interfering with the trade route between West Germany and Berlin. The obvious moral is that we should get down to talks with the Russians as soon as possible. These are held up just because Dr Adenauer wants them to wait until after the German elections in mid-September. Meanwhile, he infuriates everyone by a sordid personal attack on Willy Brandt, who is his political opponent, but who is after all bearing the brunt of the Berlin situation, which Dr Adenauer is more than anyone else responsible for perpetuating. It is high time that Adenauer is bluntly informed that there are, and will be, two Germanies and that in the not-so-long run nuclear war is the only obvious alternative to recognising the fact. Once that it said, we can begin serious negotiations about allied occupation and German rights in West Berlin.

* * *

Just in case you don't read the *Daily Worker* you may like to know that I could not discover a single word about refugees on the front page on either Monday or Tuesday. The trouble, it seems, is that 'ordinary East Berlin workers had long lost patience with the "border crossers" who robbed them of supplies, housing and peace of mind by their black marketing and currency manipulations'. I wonder what *Worker* readers make of the news that they must from time to time see out of the corners of their eyes in other people's newspapers.

* * *

Some 30 nations will be at the Conference of Neutrals which is to meet in Belgrade on 1 September. Who are the neutrals? About some there is no controversy at all. India and Burma, Indonesia, Nepal, Afghanistan and Ceylon are all 'non-committed' Asians. Iraq, Lebanon, Yemen, Saudi-Arabia, the UAR, Ethiopia, Morocco, Ghana, the Sudan and Ivory Coast are unquestionably Middle-East and African neutrals. Guinea, Mali and Cuba are, I take it, neutrals in the sense that they don't want to rely wholly on help from the Communist world. Brazil and Mexico and Chile are clearly 'non-committed'. Nigeria has refused to come, and Yugoslavia is the only European neutral because Sweden, Austria and Ireland did not want to be invited. Tunisia and Cyprus are oddly omitted. Israel's absence is no doubt explained by the Arab boycott. The Provisional Government of Algeria is to be present as an 'observer', and a number of other African countries, which I understand India thought should be included, will not be represented. Most of the delegations will be led by their heads of state, but Castro and Kassem are still uncertain. It seems to be agreed that no internal problems will be discussed. There will inevitably be anti-colonial and anti-imperialist resolutions, but the really interesting question is whether these 30 nations, whose population amounts to nearly a quarter of the world, can say or do anything effective about the cold war at a time when it seems that it is ceasing to be cold in Berlin.

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Some day, I suppose, we shall know the facts about Jomo's relations with Mau Mau. When I knew him in England, he had come back from Moscow disillusioned, like his friend Padmore; they were both what Communists then called Trotskyites. In the Thirties Jomo believed that Gandhist tactics were the best hope for African nationalism. The mixture of modernity and indigenous Africa in him came out interestingly in *Facing Mount Kenya,* the anthropological study of the Kikuyu which he wrote under the supervision of Malinowski at the London School of Economics. My own theory has always been that when he went back to Kenya, accustomed to a standard of life very different from that of most Africans, he was a good deal out of touch with the Kikuyu he represented and not able effectively to oppose the violent men of his own age group who were then dominant with his people. However, all that is now past history. He stands beyond challenge as the symbol of the new African Kenya. He will no doubt be one further example of the way in which imperialists create unchallengeable African leaders by locking them up.

* * *

Canon Collins will not, I am assured, suffer the pains and penalties of *praemunire* because he refused to vote for the new Bishop of London. Theoretically, the penalties for a refusal to vote for the Premier's nominee are only less than those for treason. In the 14th century when the Act was passed, parliament felt so strongly about the dangers of the Pope rather than the King appointing English bishops, that it left the punishment of the contumacious to the discretion of the Privy Council; this was likely to mean imprisonment, the sequestration of goods and the deprivation of civil rights. The last occasion, of which I am aware, on which a cleric dared to risk these penalties was in 1847, when the Dean of Hereford so much objected to the appointment of the evangelical and unorthodox Bishop Hampden that he wrote to Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, refusing to elect him. Lord John's reply read: 'Sir, I am honoured by your letter in which you intimate your intention of breaking the law'. Many churchmen, who do not otherwise agree with Canon Collins, will support him in objecting to the humbuggery of the procedure. The name of the new bishop, already divulged to the press, is sent to the Chapter in a sealed envelope. For all these centuries Chapters have solemnly met and prayed for God's guidance in selecting a bishop whose name has already been announced and whose appointment they cannot oppose.

I learn that the Committee of Science and Freedom was closed down on 1 July by the Congress of Cultural Freedom, which was its sponsor. The facts reported to me are: the Committee, whose chairman was Michael Polanyi, and whose honorary sponsors included such famous names as Otto Hahn, Madariaga, Jacques Maritain, Robert Oppenheimer, Lord Russell and Sir George Thomson, published a bulletin which circulated in 52 countries with a mailing list of 5,500, mainly professors and educationalists. It campaigned about *apartheid* and other issues of liberty all over the world. It was preparing a nuclear symposium for next September. C. P. Snow had given permission for it to use his controversial lecture on the 'Responsibilities of Scientists in the Nuclear Age' as a basis for the discussion. Four famous professors had been asked to contribute. They were Polanyi, J. D. Bernal, C. D. Darlington and Tato Komai from Japan. When Polanyi heard the other names he wrote refusing to take part in a symposium with Snow and threatening to resign if Bernal contributed. He did resign, and soon afterwards his colleagues on the Congress of Cultural Freedom wound up the Committee altogether. The facts that Bernal is a Communist and that he did not agree with Snow seem odd reasons for objecting to taking part in a symposium on nuclear science. It seems still odder that a committee of an organisation which is supposed to believe in freedom should be suppressed because it invites people of varying points of view to contribute to a subject which, after all, affects the freedom of England and the Soviet Union as well as that of the United States.

* * *

Just how a society that calls itself the RSPCA (and which does much good work) can refuse to take up the case of stag-hunting baffles me. Every year the nauseating details of this savage rite appear in the press, even though the hunters forcibly eject photographers. No doubt they fear the wave of disgust which would go through the country if people actually saw photographs of the exhausted stag when the dogs were tearing it or it was being dragged from its sanctuary in the water to have its throat cut. This week I read of a stag that ran for 3¼ hours and was finally chased for 50 minutes up and down the river Exe, its escape being cut off by a yelling mob and a blockade of cars. The most horrifying part of the story is the behaviour of these local participants – if indeed they are local. Individually, I am sure, if they saw a dog or cat hunted and in distress, they would feel the emotions of anger and pity described by Mary Webb in *Gone to Earth*. They would run personal risks to rescue it. But as a pack they turn into wild animals.

* * *

The object of a newspaper placard is to arouse curiosity in the mind of the passer-by who is a non-committed reader. Why then, I asked myself last Thursday, did an *Evening Standard* placard read 'Mother-to-be Missing'. We might, of course, wonder what she was missing, but that would scarcely be worth threepence. To recall a still better example of the art of putting off readers I have to go back to the Twenties, when I remember a *Manchester Guardian* poster in London which read 'More about the boll-weevil'. Not, you notice, something about this insect; but still *more* about him. How eagerly we rushed to the bookstalls!

The Meaning of Murder

(By a Legal Correspondent)

What is 'murder'? Very few lawyers can give a confident answer, and the matter has been revived by recent reports of a lecture given in Jerusalem by Lord Denning. He was one of the concurring judges in the controversial Jim Smith murder case last year. The issues in the debate are complicated; but they turn mainly on the meaning of the words 'malice aforethought' in the definition of murder. Without such 'malice' a culpable homicide is, at worst, manslaughter. Is it a necessary ingredient in 'malice' that the accused intended to kill, or, much the same, that he intended an act which he realised was likely to kill?

There is one school of thought which believes the answer should be 'yes' – thereby imposing a 'subjective' test as to the actual intent of the real person accused. Others (including, it was thought last year, the Law Lords in the Smith case) give the opposite answer.

The Homicide Act, 1957, gave the 'subjective' school a victory in its abolition of 'constructive' malice – that is, malice imported by the law in certain situations where no express malice could be shown. But the Act, in the same section, retained 'malice aforethought (express or implied)'. What is 'implied' malice? In the Vickers case of 1957, the Court of Criminal Appeal held that an intention to inflict 'grievous bodily harm' (a phrase not without its difficulties) was enough to imply the necessary malice for murder. Because of the terms of the Act, some of the 'subjective' school attacked the decision. But their comments pale in contrast with the torrent of criticism which followed the Smith case.

On 2 March 1960 Smith was stopped by two policemen, one of whom he knew, while carrying stolen property in his car. Suddenly he accelerated and tried to escape. The constable known to him hung on to the car, but Smith zig-zagged so that he was shaken off. He fell into the path of an oncoming car and was killed. At the trial for murder (*capital* murder since the deceased was a policeman) Smith persistently maintained that he intended neither to kill nor grievously to injure the constable. He was, however, convicted of murder, after the judge had told the jury that he should be so convicted if 'he must as a reasonable man have contemplated that grievous bodily harm was likely to result to that officer'. The judge also referred to the (much debated) 'presumption of law that a man intends the natural and probable consequences of his acts' – without adding that the presumption was open to rebuttal by the defence.

An appeal was then taken to the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor read a judgment with which four other Law Lords (including Lord Denning) agreed. Most legal commentators understood that judgment to state that the test of liability here was not 'subjective' but 'objective'. That is to say, once it had been proved that the accused had done 'something to someone' which was unlawful, then, in Lord Kilmuir's words, 'it matters not what the accused in fact contemplated as the probable result, or whether he ever contemplated at all, provided he was in law responsible and accountable for his actions, i.e. was a man capable of forming an intent, not insane . . and not suffering from diminished responsibility'. The Lords seemed to hold that once an unlawful act had been aimed at someone, the accused's intention faded from the picture. It was replaced by the 'objective' question whether grievous ('really serious') bodily harm was the 'natural and probable result' in the contemplation of the 'ordinary responsible man'. If the answer to that were 'yes', and death in fact resulted, murder had been committed. No question as to the actual intent or belief of the accused could be raised to rebut his presumed intent, questions of insanity or incapacity being ruled out.

Commentators (especially those academic jurists who are the main supporters of the 'subjective' school) attacked this decision at all points. One devastating critique last November by Dr Glanville Williams drew attention to the slender authority and outmoded theory which supported the judgment; and also to the danger that it might herald 'an era of "objective" criminal responsibility' which would, he thought, be a 'disaster for English law of the first magnitude'. It is not, however, the practice of most English judges (as it is of their brethren on the US Supreme Court) frequently to take note judicially of current legal writing coming from universities and elsewhere.

This has made even more interesting the careful lectures given under university auspices by two judges. In the first, at London, a High Court judge, Mr Justice Salmon, discussed the Smith case. The Lords seemed to establish an 'objective' test. Yet he wondered whether the public conscience would not be shocked by a conviction for capital murder of a man who had no idea that his acts would cause injury to the deceased (which certainly seems possible on a literal reading of the Smith case). He questioned whether the Lords meant the words 'it matters not what the accused in fact contemplated' to be taken literally, after all; and he dwelt upon some of the difficulties which follow if they are. His 'seed of doubt' about the meaning of the judgment is watered by the report of Lord Denning's lecture which was delivered at the Hebrew University.

Lord Denning is reported to have said that the decision did little more than uphold (with one amendment) the trial judge's direction to the jury: 'Must he, as a responsible man, have been aware that his act would be likely to cause death or grievous bodily harm?' What, then, was the cause of 'all this criticism from some of the most respected figures in the academic world? . . . May it perhaps be that in stressing the test of the reasonable man, that is the responsible man, the House did not sufficiently point out that it was only a test – a criterion – to help find the intention of the accused man himself; and that ultimately the question is: Did he intend to cause death or grievous bodily harm?' That *subjective* proposition 'is still, as before, the essential element of which the jury must be satisfied before they convict the accused of murder'. This lecture is bound to give heart to the 'subjective' school. But his Lordship's argument seems to mean, in effect, that the question: *'Must* he as a responsible man have intended . . .?' comes to little more than: 'Is it credible on the evidence before you that he did anything but intend . . .?' It may not be easy for everyone to accept that the judgment of Lord Kilmuir is so readily adaptable to the 'subjective' point of view in this matter.

Most important, who can tell which interpretation will be adopted by any particular trial judge? It is arguable that he ought to direct himself as to the law by reference only to the binding words of the Smith judgment, and not extra-judicial lectures. Directing the jury in the face of this condition of the law is not an enviable task. Indeed, the state of the law of murder is remarkable. It is burdened already by the distinction between capital and non-capital murder. It is bad enough to suffer this absurd former category which picks out for the death penalty murders of policemen or by robbers, second murders and 'noisy' murders (shooting and other explosions). In most cases, were it not for this barbarous institution of capital punishment the boundary line between murder and manslaughter would not matter twopence.

As things now stand, the public should be aware that men's necks are at stake in what might seem, at first sight, to be an academic legal wrangle. Is it perhaps now time for Parliament to intervene and insist both that intention to kill is essential to 'murder' and that capital punishment must at long last go?

Of Love and Sorrow

RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA

Sunita and her sisters came to our house almost every day. They sat together with my sisters and did all the things that girls do together, like knitting and embroidering, and they sang songs together and laughed in the silly way girls laugh. Mohinder also came to our house two–three times to visit me, and it was then that he saw Sunita. But the first time he said it, I didn't take notice.

He said: 'Your cousin Sunita is nice.' I thought perhaps he wants to be polite, that is why he says it. The second time too I didn't pay attention. But the third time I understood. I was very much surprised. I didn't understand how anyone could feel like this about my cousin Sunita. She was exactly like my sisters and all my other cousins; I never once thought it might be possible to feel different for her than for the other girls in the family. She talked like them and looked like them and wore the same clothes.

One day Mohinder gave me a letter for her. It was after classes were finished and we were on our way to the College coffee-house. He pushed it into my hand without a word, and I slipped it quickly into my pocket. Then we were joined by our other friends, and we had the jokes and laughing we always have in the College coffee-house. I didn't take the letter out of my pocket at all, even when I was alone. I knew that, if my family found out, they would be very angry with me. But Mohinder was my friend and I could not refuse him.

In the evening I went to my aunt's house. Sunita and her sisters were playing cards and they made me play with them. They played very badly and cheated a lot, but they were laughing all the time. I enjoyed the game and wished I didn't have the letter in my pocket.

At last I said to Sunita: 'You borrowed my Hindi textbook and have not given it back to me.' This was really true. She went into the bedroom to fetch it and I followed her. I gave her the letter, and she sat on a bed, with her back to me, and read it. When she had finished, her face was all flushed,

she can't have one without the other

Most people want the comfort of modern amenities—but few like the towers that bring the power to work them. What's the answer? Return to lamplight, peat fires and the washing tub? Bury the power lines and do away with the towers altogether? Attractive idea—just possible too, but at 17 times the cost—with its inevitable effect on your electricity bill. For the foreseeable future, transmission towers must stay. But they cannot be planted just anywhere. An Act of Parliament charges the Central Electricity Generating Board with a double duty: to provide an efficient and economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible. Power lines are planned with forethought—by men who are as anxious as you are to keep this land green, pleasant . . . and up-to-date.

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and she said to me: 'How dare he write to me?' and she looked at me as if it was I who had written the letter, so that I had to drop my eyes before her.

Her mother's voice was heard outside the door. Sunita pushed the letter into the top of her shirt and said to me in a loud voice: 'I am sorry I have kept your book so long'. Her mother came in, followed by the washerman, and they started to count the laundry. Her mother shouted: 'You say seven sheets, but I have counted only six! This is how I lose all my sheets!' She began to abuse the washerman. Under cover of this, Sunita whispered to me: 'Tell him he can come if he likes'; and then she too began to abuse the washerman.

When I gave Mohinder her message, he said I was his best friend and that he loved me very much. Then he said: 'We will both go to meet her'. This I didn't like at all, for I thought that, now that I had given the letter, my work was finished. But it was difficult for me to refuse, because of the nice things he had said to me.

We went to meet her at her College and we saw all the girls coming out. Most of them were plain, but there were a few pretty ones, and I liked looking at them and wished I could get to know them. Sunita came out and I noticed from her face that she saw us at once, but she pretended not to see us. She walked straight on with her books under her arm and her pigtail swinging behind her. She walked in the special way in which girls walk when they know someone is looking at them. She was with a friend who walked a little behind her, and I could see this friend was laughing so much that she had to hold her handkerchief to her mouth. She was not a pretty girl.

Mohinder followed them and I followed him. Sunita turned into the park; she stood still by the old Qudsia mosque and said to her friend in a loud and affected voice: 'Just see how pretty these red flowers look against this old grey wall'. She stood looking at them with her head on one side. The friend kept laughing into her handkerchief.

Mohinder came up to her and said in a hoarse voice: 'I am very happy you allowed me to come'.

She frowned. 'It is permitted to the public to walk in this park'; and she tossed her head as if she had said something very clever.

Mohinder said: 'You have received my letter?' This was an unnecessary question, because I had told him I had given it to her.

'I do not know,' she said, 'who gave you the permission to write to me'; and she glared at me in a way that made me want to give her a good slap. 'You should not intrude yourself on people who do not know you.'

'Like people aspire to know God, so I aspire to know a goddess.'

'You have brought some fine talk with you.' They carried on like that for a while. It was very silly. At last she left us, followed by her friend who was still choking into her handkerchief. I thought Mohinder would be very much disappointed, but, on the contrary, he threw his arms round me and told me how happy he was that I was his friend and how tomorrow we had to meet her again.

In the evening Sunita came to our house and she said to me: 'Please help me with my English exercise'. I was reading an interesting film-magazine and did not want to be disturbed, but my mother said: 'Go go, help your cousin with her work'. Sunita took me on the veranda because there were many people in the room and she said we would not be able to concentrate.

We sat on the step and she said: 'Is it "surprised of" or "surprised at"?'

But before I could even answer, she asked me in a low voice: 'What did he say afterwards?'

'Who?' I said, for I was still thinking about 'surprised of' or 'at'.

'Did he talk about me a lot? What did he say? Well answer me, don't sit there like that!' and she hit her fist against my leg, which annoyed me.

I said: 'How stupid you were this afternoon, I was ashamed of you, the way you behaved to him'.

'Oh what do you know of these things!' she cried. Then she smiled in a strange way, as if she were listening to someone telling her a very nice secret. Her eyes were shining and her mouth was a little open. I felt embarrassed, for it was as if I were sitting like this and talking not with my cousin Sunita at all, but with some other girl who was not my cousin.

Their second meeting was not very different from the first one. Sunita was proud and pretended she didn't want to know Mohinder at all, and he talked a lot of nonsense about how great and wonderful she was and how insignificant and unworthy he was. Her friend giggled, and I stood by and wished I didn't have to be there. Next day too it was like that, except that now she was less proud and even smiled a bit at what he was saying, which made him go closer to her and say even more. And the next day she smiled most of the time and he dropped his voice lower and lower, so that I could hardly hear what he was saying.

And the day after that I couldn't hear at all, because now he was whispering and she was whispering back I felt very gloomy and looked at the children swinging on the swings in the play-park. Sunita's friend too looked at the children; she was no longer giggling and even seemed rather depressed. I wished she were not so plain, so that perhaps I could have talked and made a friendship with her.

Soon Mohinder no longer asked me to accompany him. I was glad of this, but all the same I kept thinking about them. This made me very restless and I couldn't concentrate on my studies. I often went on long bicycle rides; I went to the river at Okhla or to the old tombs at Hauz Khas and I sat there on the grass. I thought my life was very empty and lonely.

Yet all the time I knew and they knew that it would have to end. They could never marry because Mohinder was a Saxena and Sunita of course was a Punjabi Arora. If their families ever found out that they were meeting together, they would be very angry and would probably send them away at once to relatives in distant places.

One day my mother told my father that he would be required to drink tea at my aunt's house on the next Sunday. 'That boy – you know – is being brought to see Sunita', she said.

'To see Sunita?' I said.

My mother turned to me: 'You can also go. The more boys there are from our side, the better it will look'.

I felt terrible. I didn't know how I would face Mohinder. But next day at College he was as cheerful as ever. It was quite evident that he did not yet know what was going to happen. Sunita had not told him. I respected her for this. It was clear to me that she didn't want him to suffer and that instead she would bear the suffering by herself for as long as she could. I admired her for her noble conduct.

I didn't see her again till Sunday. I looked for her as soon as we entered the sitting-room in my aunt's house; I was very anxious to see how she was behaving in this tragic situation. But she had not yet come into the room. Everybody else was already sitting there, her father and her mother and her sisters and some other aunts and uncles and cousins, and of course the young man who had come to look at her, and his family. The grown-ups talked about the heat and the income-tax and the new temple that was to be built at Rajinder Nagar.

Then the tea came and with the tea came Sunita. She joined her hands to greet the guests; her eyes were downcast. Her mother poured the tea, and Sunita passed round with the plates of fritters and sweetmeats. First she offered them to the guests, that is to the young man's family, and the way she bent towards them with her big hips looked very graceful and inviting. Her mother said: 'All the sweetmeats were made by my daughter Sunita'; and the guests smiled and said: 'Very nice'; but as they said it, they looked not at the sweetmeats but at Sunita.

When she had finished serving everybody, she sat in a corner with her head covered and her hands folded on her knees. I kept trying to catch her eye, but she would never look at me. She looked down at the floor all the time, and only once I saw her raise her eyes. Then she darted a quick glance not at me but at the young man; and I saw that her eyes were shining as they had been shining when she had spoken to me of Mohinder, and her mouth too was a little open showing her white teeth. I felt very strange, as if my heart were hurting me, but I was not thinking of Mohinder at all.

It seemed the young man's family were in a hurry to make the marriage, and our family agreed. So they didn't have a betrothal ceremony, but went straight ahead with the preparations for the wedding. I knew now she would have to tell Mohinder; she could not save him from suffering any longer.

One day he was sitting in class with his head bent low over his desk and supported between his hands. He was not listening to the lecture at all and not even pretending to take notes. I knew then she had told him. After the lecture I hurried away – what could I say to comfort him? – but he came after me, calling my name, so that I had to stop. We stood in the courtyard between the hostel and the College. He said to me: 'Come to my room'.

I followed him silently up the stairs of the hostel. He sat on his bed and I sat on the other bed which belonged to the person with whom he shared the room. He said: 'You must stop them'.

I sighed. He knew as well as I did that it was impossible.

'How can I live without her!' he shouted and got up and began to pace up and down the room, which was difficult because it was a very small room and had a lot of things in it, such as trunks and tennis-rackets and even a bicycle.

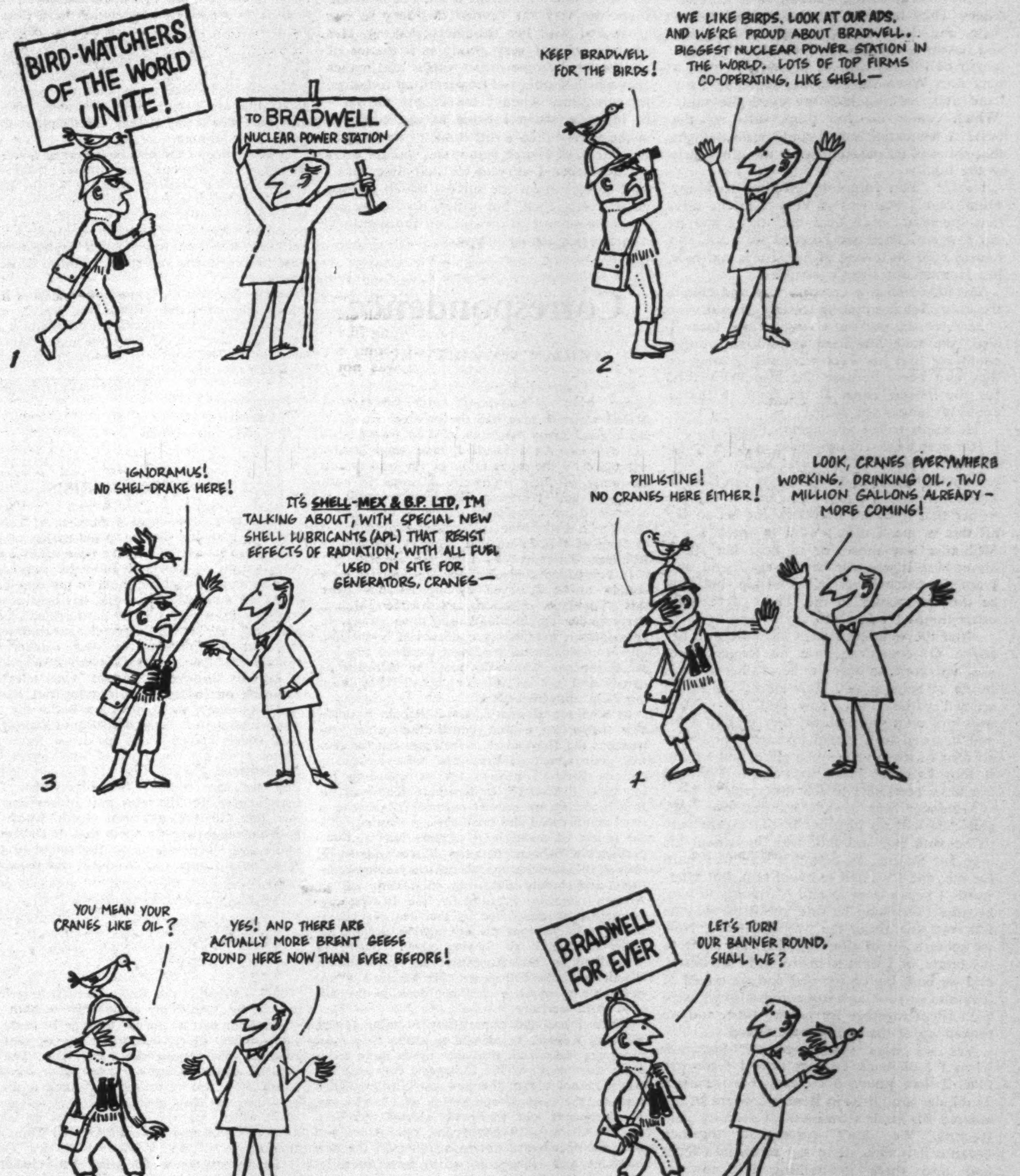
'I won't live without her!' he shouted. 'I will kill myself!' – and he flung his pillow on the floor and stamped on it.

I picked it up and I dusted it and smoothed it and replaced it.

'If I could see her only once again', he said and threw himself face downwards on the bed.

'The wedding is after five days', I said.

'Please ask her', he said, and he raised his face from the bed to look at me, and I could not say no.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Sunita was choosing wedding-saris with her sisters. They had the silks spread all round them, and they were shouting and laughing and having great fun. Sunita held an orange length of silk in front of herself and then a pink one. When she saw me, she caught my hand and, looking into my eyes, she said: 'Which colour do you think suits me the best?' I wondered how I could have thought that she was no different from the other girls in the family.

I said: 'You forgot to give me back my Hindi book.' She was so busy with the saris that she didn't even hear me, and I had to say it again. Then she laughed so much, she had to hold on to one of her sisters and hide her face on this sister's shoulder.

She took me into the bedroom and closed the door. 'He is suffering terribly', I said.

At once she put on a very serious face. 'I also,' she said. She tried to look sad, but I could see that her eyes were still shining as they had been. Perhaps she also knew this, for she looked down at the floor so that I could no longer see them.

'He wants to see you again', I said.

Her eyes were still downcast, and she spoke in a low voice: 'If we meet again, we will both suffer more; and what heart can bear so much torment?' I didn't know how to explain to her that it wasn't necessary for her to say all this to me. I didn't want to speak about Mohinder any more, or to hear her speak about him. It was true he was my friend, and I am a great believer in friendship, but now he did not matter to me. There were quite other things I wanted to say to her.

After the wedding I went sometimes to her house. Of course she was no longer there; she had gone to stay in her father-in-law's house at Saharanpur. How empty the house seemed without her, how dull. Her sisters were not interesting at all; they giggled a lot and behaved in a stupid manner. They were all four of them very much alike, and I think if they had not been my cousins I should not have been able to tell them apart.

Mohinder was always wanting my company; he had no pleasure in life except only to be with me and talk with me about his love for Sunita. At first this was very hard for me, and I wanted to avoid him. But afterwards I began even to enjoy listening to him, because everything he said about the way he felt was true about the way I felt too. Now we spent a lot of time together. He came to my house, or I went to his room in the hostel, and we both lay on the bed and we talked of love and sorrow; and sometimes also we were both silent together for a long time, and we looked up at the ceiling and sighed.

Yes we were very unhappy; but now when I look back on that time I feel sorry that it has gone. Six years have passed. Mohinder now lives in Benares, where he has entered his uncle's business of sanitary contractors. We don't correspond together, because it is difficult to say much in a letter and also there is nothing left to say. Mohinder is married now and I am also married. I have a good post as sub-divisional officer, Grade 3, in the Ministry of Fuel and Power, with yearly increment, pension and provident fund. Nevertheless I am often worried. There are always many bills to pay, and the landlord of the house where we live harasses us because he wants our place for his son-in-law; and after our last child, my wife started some internal trouble which is a great worry and also expense with doctor's bills.

Sunita is quite different now. She has three daughters and has become very fat and eats too much. She still laughs a lot, but now she laughs the way fat women do, deep in her throat and with her shoulders shaking. Her manners are not very good; as a matter of fact she has become rather vulgar and makes jokes which should not be permitted to ladies. But sometimes when I am deeply moved – for instance, when I listen to music played on the sitar – then I still think of her, not as she is now, of course, but as she was six years ago. And then I am sad for that time, and I want to feel again the sorrow which grieved me so badly then, but which now does not seem like sorrow at all but, on the contrary, even like something happy.

Correspondence

AFRICAN MAJORITY RULE

Sir, – I am writing as one who has just returned from a two-month tour of Central Africa, where I have had the privilege of meeting a great many Africans in their own homes and villages. As a result I have been greatly impressed by the moderation of the leaders and the unity of their followers. Africans in both Southern and Northern Rhodesia as well as Nyasaland are completely united in their opposition to a Federation of Central African States so long as this Federation contains a Southern Rhodesia dominated by European legislators.

In Nyasaland control of the legislature is now certain to be achieved by the Africans after this Tuesday's elections, with the Malawi Party under Dr Banda coming into power. In consequence, everywhere one goes in Nyasaland, one is conscious of the latent goodwill towards all Europeans who will treat the Africans as equals and not as inferior 'boys'. They want our help and friendship.

In Southern Rhodesia, Great Britain is officially supporting a new constitution which entrenches the Europeans in their position of control, and which at the same time drastically curtails Britain's powers for safeguarding the interests of Africans. In Northern Rhodesia the British are at the present moment advocating a most complicated and unstable constitution, with the object of maintaining a precarious and unpredictable balance between black and white, instead of following the Monckton recommendations and boldly declaring in favour of an African majority. Presumably, the British government is so bewitched by the idea of Federation, that it has not the courage to declare for either side, and so, having given control in Nyasaland to the Africans, and in Southern Rhodesia to the Europeans, Mr Macleod is not now able to make a clear-cut decision for this vital third territory.

When I had the opportunity of talking with Kenneth Kaunda he seemed to me to be a most moderate individual, probably much more moderate than most of his followers. But he obviously cannot accept the new constitution which replaces the original conception of 15 Africans, 15 Europeans and 15 openly elected members, by 19 Africans, 19 Europeans, one Asian and only six open seats, not to mention all the new balances and safeguards which have been incorporated in the new scheme, in order to make the final result appear unpredictable. Not only is the new Northern Rhodesia constitution completely unacceptable to all moderate Africans as well as the extremists, but it is also completely unacceptable to all liberal and moderate minded Europeans, led by people like Sir J. Moffatt.

The tragedy is that the good faith of Britain and of Mr Macleod in particular are at stake, when up till now both the reputation of Britain and Mr Macleod have stood high with the Africans in this part of Africa.

Federation is doomed and condemned by almost every African. Nyasaland is determined to withdraw, and Northern Rhodesia, if given free elections, would undoubtedly do the same. Both Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia feel that all the benefits of Federation have gone to the Europeans in Southern Rhodesia. Although Nyasaland has the largest population, all the new industry is being directed to Southern Rhodesia. Tariffs imposed to protect Southern Rhodesian industries mean that the people of Nyasaland are paying more for many articles than they would pay if they could import them freely from abroad.

The evidence of the bias in favour of Southern Rhodesia is obvious everywhere, from the biassed political decisions over the Kariba Dam, to the difference in road conditions between the territories. Finally, how can Africans be expected to support a Federation dominated by a Southern Rhodesia where racial segregation in buses, cafes, hotels and shops is still a common practice?

Surely the sensible answer for Britain is to accept the inevitable with good grace, retain the goodwill of the African people while it still exists and give the Africans the unquestionable majority in the Northern Rhodesian legislature to which they are entitled.

Christopher Cadbury

Beaconwood
Rednal
Near Birmingham

THE BERLIN CRISIS

Sir, – In your issue of 4 August, A. S. Neill says that I 'should declare to the nation what it must do to save itself'. I have been doing everything within my power to fulfil this suggestion. The Committee of 100, which in my opinion is doing the most effective work, has held demonstrations in which I have participated and is planning very much larger demonstrations in the near future. Some of your readers may wonder why I do not avail myself of television. It is only because I cannot. One television company offered me two minutes, but when I said I should wish to speak on Berlin the offer was withdrawn. It is the difficulty of making the peril widely known which has driven those with whom I work to methods of non-violent civil disobedience. I think it is only by such methods that we can prevent the government from marching us, for the most part in ignorance of our fate, to the universal death which the government apparently hopes that we shall suffer while still sleep-walking to the sound of their Siren song. I hope that Mr Neill and those who agree with him will hasten to join the Committee of 100 (13 Goodwin Street, N.4).

Bertrand Russell

43 Hasker Street
London, SW3

Sir, – What is the Berlin threat? It seems to me to be something completely without substance. The war has been over for 16 years, and the country which was the cause of that war remains split between East and West. The best security against Germany ever again being the cause of a war is to see that such a division remains: we may not like the type of government which appears to have grown up in East Germany but nevertheless (like Red China) it is there.

To destroy the world – for that is what any future war between the so-called great powers of America and Russia would mean – to prevent a peace treaty being signed is to me, a Tory, unthinkable. It may be that the coming German election is more important than the continuation of human life on this earth, but I for one am not prepared to die, or see my family die, simply because some European countries cannot stomach the idea of recognising what exists – namely the East German regime.

Such a regime is indeed distasteful to me, as indeed it must be to many of the East Germans themselves who are crossing into western Germany each day. But nothing, nothing, is threatened. Nothing, nothing, is changed by the Soviets signing a peace treaty with the East

Germans. Let us negotiate on this issue as the Prime Minister would have the West, for this is not the issue (not, even, to paraphrase Lord Home, the right issue at the wrong time) on which to talk of going to war, whether it be nuclear or conventional.

MARTIN FOLKARD

56 Ambleside, SW19

SIR, – Critic's statement regarding 'dying for German reunification' or the freedom of West Berlin strikes me as politically irresponsible and morally obnoxious. It contrasts most unfortunately with John Mander's balanced and intelligent appraisal of the fact of German division.

Does Critic seriously argue that to divide a modern nation, to place an arbitrary and rigid border between people of one culture, to keep parents from children and brothers from brothers is 'the one clearly good result' of the war? Is it to be welcomed that 16 million human beings (German or otherwise) are forced to live under a tyrannical regime which a majority obviously detests? Is there cause to rejoice in the fact that in the centre of Europe a festering political problem has been created which is likely to prove a continuous source of danger and irritation?

It is wrong – dead wrong – that the wish for reunification is merely an expression of Adenauer's propaganda. This impression is contradicted by every day's experience in which one encounters the victims of this unnatural state of affairs. As Critic very well knows it is not Adenauer's Catholic and Nato-oriented CDU which yearns passionately for reunification but the SPD, which has rightly put this question in the foreground of its thinking.

It is one thing to face reality and to accept the sad and probably inevitable fact – as John Mander does – of German division and the continued existence of the GDR. It is quite another (and a strange reflection on Critic's humanitarian Socialism) to gloat over the historical folly of this division and the obvious misery which it inflicts on millions of people.

KURT L. SHELL

Free University, Berlin

JOHN BULL'S OTHER PORTUGAL

SIR, – Since you refer, in your attack on the Northern Ireland government, to 'the libertarian issues', it may not be out of place to remind you that the Irish Republic bans more books, and for less adequate reason, than probably any other country in the world. If reunion of the two Irelands is eventually contemplated, it is to be hoped that a Dubliner may have the same right to select his reading matter as is enjoyed by his northern neighbour.

JEFFREY SIMMONS

W. H. Allen & Co Ltd
43 Essex Street, WC2

SIR, – Your article on Northern Ireland affairs will be welcomed by liberal opinion everywhere, and not least by those who believe, as I do, that the present position can best be ended by spotlighting outside, and particularly British, attention on the problem.

Lack of knowledge of the facts of Irish partition is entirely to blame for the perpetuation of the police-state so often erroneously referred to as Ulster, and this is the most charitable reason that can be put forward for the extraordinary action of the Labour government in passing the Ireland Act of 1949.

I have never ceased to be amazed at the ignorance concerning conditions in the Six Counties shown by people in this country who are in other respects well versed in world affairs. For instance, how many people could answer correctly if asked in what part of the United Kingdom can armed police enter a house without warrant, detain a man indefinitely, maybe for years, without trial, and then ensure that he will never again be gainfully employed in his home country? Or again, in what part of the UK is it necessary to supply proof of religious suitability when one is applying for a job?

The people of this country do not realise that, *in their name*, constituency boundaries are redrawn to make sure that opposition majorities shall not have parliamentary representation; that municipal housing is made available only to those of proved political loyalty; and, above all, they do not realise that, *in their name*, the armed forces of the Crown are used to maintain the status quo. Thus, as things are, Tory Unionist rule cannot be challenged either by ballot box or physical force.

The problem may eventually be solved as a result of economic conditions arising from Common Market membership, but it is a sad commentary on our ignorance and lack of interest that we tolerate these conditions.

Is it any wonder that, to an Irishman, Britain's advocacy of a reunited Germany and of free elections in other lands has a slightly hollow sound?

Here surely then is a field of rich reward for the Labour Party to explore, for not only does it hold important political possibilities, but it also presents a golden opportunity for them to redeem the name of Britain as a freedom-loving democracy.

SYDNEY HICKEY

147 Burton Road
Derby

UNJUST TO WAVELL

SIR, – In his review, 'Durable Brasshats', Paul Johnson observes: 'All countries, particularly Britain, begin wars with third-rate generals who are rapidly eliminated by early disasters. Yet the brasshats of 1914 proved astonishingly durable: it is as though we had ended up in 1945 with Gort, Ironside and Wavell still at the top.'

Does Mr Johnson seriously contend that Wavell was a third-rate general who was rapidly eliminated by early disasters? I admit to bias, which is the result of affection and admiration. I served under Wavell in two theatres of war, and I am writing his biography. Therefore I shall try to let certain facts, as they are stated in the Official History, speak for themselves.

Wavell's first Western Desert campaign, 'Compass', lasted ten weeks from December 1940 to February 1941. A British force of never more than two divisions advanced 500 miles and totally destroyed an army of 10 divisions, for a loss of 500 killed, 1,373 wounded and 55 missing. 130,000 prisoners were taken, 180 medium tanks and more than 200 light tanks, and 845 pieces of artillery of the size of field guns and above. A disaster?

In East Africa, Italy entered the war in June 1940 with some 350,000 men under arms. By the following May, when the Duke of Aosta formally surrendered, almost every unit in this enormous force had been destroyed, captured or dispersed; Italy's African Empire was shattered; and Ethiopia was liberated. A disaster?

These, in Wavell's record as a general, stand alongside Greece, Crete and ABDA. It was a War Cabinet decision that maximum help should be given to Greece; and Wavell, obedient to his political masters, launched out on a big, hazardous operation for which (as he and they knew) he had neither the men nor the equipment. Crete was the inevitable corollary of the Greek tragedy; and whatever else may be said about the Battle of Crete, it is certain that the casualties inflicted on the German airborne troops eliminated them as an effective fighting formation for the rest of the war. In ABDA, Wavell was burdened with a completely impossible task, and the grim, empty title of Supreme Commander, in a chaos caused by the folly and shortsightedness of others many years before.

I hope that this necessarily brief rehearsal of a few of the principal relevant facts will persuade Mr Johnson to reconsider his hasty and unfair assessment of the commander who, with the scantiest of resources, brought victory when it was desperately needed, who was as staunch and uncomplaining in reversal and retreat as he was resolute, far-sighted and unspoiled in success. Neither in achievement nor in character does Wavell deserve the bitter adjective which Mr Johnson used. If I plead the cause of the man I once had the honour to call 'the Chief', I do it in proud humility because I believe Wavell was among the greatest of the great.

JOHN CONNELL

7 William Street House
William Street, SW1

EGYPTIAN FARMS

SIR, – I am well used to misrepresentation of the UAR in the western press, but not so *blasé* as to be able to stifle a gasp when it occurs in the printed version of something I have written myself. I realize that I should have explained the two Arabic words I used in my text: in your supplying of the explanation you turn an *ezbah* that is, an estate or farm, into a collective farm – pushing us unwarrantedly into the Communist camp. This must have puzzled anyone who read the article, because every other word in it, by implication, contradicts the notion that the farm is a collective; it must also have baffled those readers who have enough general knowledge to be aware that our land reform is directed towards creating small-holdings. The only sense in which my family's *ezbah* is collective is that it is a property shared by four members of the family: but, for better or worse, not one of them has any of the salient characteristics of a *kolkhoznik*.

MAHMOUD MANZALAOUI

Gharbiah
Egypt

The translation was supplied by the UAR Embassy in London.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE

SIR, – It is inexcusable of Professor Trevor-Roper, writing in your issue of 28 July, to describe Joseph de Maistre as a native of Languedoc. Every schoolboy knows that Maistre was a native of Savoy and spent his entire life in the service of the King of Sardinia. He was born in Chambery more than a hundred years before the French annexation. The point is not without importance since the fact that Maistre was a French-speaker but not a French citizen, and possessed an independent historical tradition, does much to explain the conservative independence of his thought.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

Harvard University

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER *writes*: *'Peccavi'*!

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

AMERICA, ALLY OR MASTER?

by Bob Edwards, MP 6d

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Large Animal

V. S. PRITCHETT

The cult of personality in modern journalism may be good for advertising but it is bad for character. It inflates the ego and the income but narrows the mind, hardens the arteries and ruins the digestion. Egocentrics particularly attract the cult; James Agate – 'Jimmy' to everyone – was an example. Padding out his Lancashire shoulders to cover the chips caused by a short education – grammar school and no university – Agate was the shrewd man of talent, clever in the ring. He rose, he coarsened. He became all punch and no target, and was surrounded by a circle of attentive seconds and sparring partners who kept him on his feet as a wit and a 'character'. They often had a rough time. Alan Dent, who was Agate's secretary for many years, writes a devoted introduction to Mr van Thal's anthology* of Agate's dramatic criticism and his *Ego* diaries, but it is distinctly rueful. Arnold Bennett applied his gimlet to Agate in his *Journal*:

> Writes with difficulty. Knows a devil of a lot about French dramatic literature. Seems to understand acting. Has certain sensibilities. Yet his taste capricious and unreliable. Has various conventional prejudices against institutions. The man has points and refinements but he is fundamentally unintelligent . . . He wouldn't go. Stopped one hundred minutes and was dreadfully boring.

Agate *was* boring as only the aggressive-defensive, self-centred kind can be. One has the impression of a man who is always dropping his own name. It is true that he knew a lot about French drama – he had been brought up on it by his very gifted mother – yet his reputation as a dramatic critic is one of the puzzles of the period, until one remembers that his kind of journalism succeeds not only by inflating its own ego, but by inflating the ego of its readers. Agate loved the theatre for its illusion, its gossip and its exaggerations; he had a real feeling for acting but he had no great respect for playwrights. He wasn't a patch on Desmond McCarthy, a critic who delighted, without envy, in the creative act and who had not been roped into the personality cult; and among other, more thoughtful critics who came out of the *Manchester Guardian* at this time, Agate was a word-monger and exhibitionist.

This selection from his writings has far too much *Ego* – painfully imitated from Arnold Bennett – and is unrepresentative of the general run of his criticism which always had far more hi-jinks in it than notice of the play. This was the sort of disservice to the arts that the commonsensical public loves. It is conceivable that Shaw's *Man and Superman* or *St Joan* are not faultless plays, but to read Agate lecturing Shaw on Shaw's habit of lecturing is to see Agate's fundamental ineptitude when he is out-dazzled. He has little to say.

From Alan Dent's portrait we can deduce a man whose character veered erratically from extravagance to meanness; an egotist; a ruthless embroiderer of incident; soaked in casual reading; a fly-catcher for quotation. His pages buzz with the death pangs of literary odds and ends. On the *Manchester Guardian* he worked under C. E. Montague, a stickler for prose, especially *le mot juste*. This new addiction had been overdue in the dreary windiness of 19th-century journalism, but unhappily the right word often turned out to be a literary echo or an intrusive ornament. The brilliant group at Manchester had caught the Meredithian and Stevensonian measles; they seem to have mistaken this for the prose of Hazlitt and converted everything they wrote about to 'literature'.

In time the movement spread far beyond Manchester. Belloc and his imitators wrote this whimsical rhetoric which today looks like shameless padding and the refusal to know a subject socially. When he had an inexorable subject at last, the 1914 war, C. E. Montague cut out the artifice; and I suppose we must put the whole movement down to the stagnation of society before that date and to the fact that this was the last time our culture would be purely literary. Bennett, Wells and Shaw, who thought of culture in other terms, rejected this clotted style.

But when we look at Agate's early prose it is done in the Manchester manner. He grew out of it, but not entirely. For allusiveness gave him the pleasure of being clever without having the pangs of thought and it must have been his mannerisms, the literary squirmings, gigglings and tricks of echo, that made the perceptive Bennett think him unintelligent – although, about Bennett, Agate wrote more sensibly than most of the critics of his time. Two timid, hard-headed men understood each other.

But, in general, as a down-to-earth critic, Agate is surprisingly in the air when he faces the new thing: noting the new Laurence Olivier he complains that Olivier has no Voice and means, apparently, that he does not roar! Agate's nervousness before the new, his rush to hide in quotations and anecdotes, makes him a poor retrospective guide to the theatre; his feeling is sound chiefly when he is evocative about the actors and actresses he saw when he was growing up and here his reading of Hazlitt did him good. For Hazlitt, with his passion for activity, is a master at telling what acting looks like.

Agate's accounts of Bernhardt, Rachel, Marie Lloyd, music hall comics, Mrs Patrick Campbell and Marie Tempest are very observant.

> What was Marie Lloyd like? Our grandchildren will doubtless be told that she was a vulgar singer of indecent songs whereby she will be confounded in the general mind with the big-bosomed, broad-buttocked, butcher-thighed race of Principal Boys. Now, though Marie filled every corner of the stage, she was a little woman poised upon tiny elegant legs. She was chic in the way that Réjane was chic. If Sans Gêne was the mirror of an Empire, Marie was the looking glass of the promenade. Whatever she wore took on the gleam of white satin, though that which dazzled most was her smile, to which the front teeth like those of a jovial horse gave an air of luxury in the Elizabethan sense of the word . . . Marie's 'dial', as the Cockney would put it, was the most expressive on the halls. . . .

That passage marks the critic who really believes in the paint and cardboard; he understands personality, as the theatre understands it: the effect of clothes, the talents of the body, the genius of the face. And when he looks up his theatrical history, these are the things – so sadly impermanent and yet the continuing life-blood of the theatre – that he responds to. On the plays he is unreliable – heavy-handed about *Juno and the Paycock*, yet enthusiastic about Synge's *The Well of the Saints*; and when he took to reviewing books he was either discovering 'masterpieces' or brutally scoring off the author. His jokes, in this department, do not last. There is a bright little piece about Hemingway being a woman that sounds nowadays like lead.

Upon himself Agate's kind of journalism was exacting. It is exhausting to be egotistical for publication. He plundered other people's talk. He rushed about. He tap-danced through books. The *Ego* diaries were a mixture of showing-off and gossip, luncheons and dinners. They are readable only in short patches, because of their jumpiness. He strains too hard, and shows it. Lives of great men bothered him with reminders. He kept seeing their footsteps in the sands of time; knew he wasn't, say, a Balzac, but was puzzled and worried by the fact. If he could beat Bennett as a Diarist – that ought to have been easy! But it doesn't turn out so. There are moments of irritability. He hates Oscar Wilde, for example; the spendthrift in the monocle, ruined by taxes, cannot forgive the *poseur* in the astrakhan collar. He is pursued by doubts – will Charles Morgan survive? He drugs himself with work.

Occasionally he has time to think and, once in a while, as when he sits down to settle the difference between farce and comedy, he succeeds in thinking. But mainly his thoughts are about Agate and it is tiring that he lacks the gift of being intimate with himself: the hard shell has parted company with whatever shrinking nut may have been concealed inside it. He was too frightened of sensibility. This was what made him a bore.

Agate was suffering from the middle-brow illusion. Be a bluff, hearty, hard-hitting, no-nonsense fellow. Take the commonsense line. Put on the rhinoceros hide: the public loves large animals. Like Balzac. But the Balzacs and Shakespeares, even the Hazlitts, were not like this. There seems to have been some unresolved notion in Agate's mind that literature was life, that writers, as writers, are people; the idea

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**James Agate: An Anthology. Hart-Davis. 21s.*

haunts many of the rumbustious fellows of the period. As a panjandrum Agate had his hour and passed, like an actor in a character part. It was memorable within the circle of his friends, who are still plagued by devotion and doubt. Someone ought to put him into a novel, for the human contradictions are strong and unusual. Outside that circle he had not the modesty to reveal himself; and in criticism he was too hurried by the job, too haunted by emulation, to have anything lasting to say.

Two Poems by Charles Tomlinson

Lines

You have seen a plough
the way it goes breeds
furrows line on line
until they fill a field?

What I admire in this
is less the page complete
and all the insatiable
activity towards it

than when, one furrow
more lies done with
and the tractor hesitates:
another line to be begun

and then it turns and drags
the blade in tow and that
turns too along the new
and growing groove

and each reversal thus
in mitigating mere aggression
prepares for the concerted
on-rush of the operation

and then the dark the cool
the dew corroding the intent
abandoned mechanism
that contemplates accomplishment.

Black Nude

A night-bound fire,
Its cloudy, twisting bulk
Of climbing smoke
Lit by the under-flare:
She stretches, strong
And turning there, recalls it.

All sullen force. What
Can such powers rehearse
Shut in themselves? But see
Her rouse and go
Towards the defining window's
Square of sky.

Less sulkily, the silhouette
Looks out and down
On to the town of roofs
In patterned alternation where
Hard dark is buttressed by hard glare.

Her face receives the sun
And softens it. Angled by
Her arm's embrasure,
White architectured distances
Ride sleeping in the clear truce of her eye.

Dialogue with Sido

Colette. By ELAINE MARKS. *Secker & Warburg. 27s. 6d.*

Almost every writer is bitterly familiar with writer's block. Growing less and less deceived by his ruses of answering letters or spending himself in talk, he finally musters up a good deal of counter-guile in outwitting the block and elbowing himself on to the launching-pad. But the course that Colette took in marrying the dreadful Willy, who locked up his young bride for hours a day to make her ghost his own novels, seems rather extreme. The dynamic lack that one feels in Colette's work – the failures of force in the novels, or the absence of any clamorous demands for the theatre in her dramatic criticism – may well partly be due to this early training in subduing her own character. There are many sources of serene strength in Colette, especially her paganism and her feminine sense of the process of growth, but the power of an idea of society is missing: she had abundant sensibility, but no intellect. The fact that she cared therefore very much indeed about other people's view of her is bred in the bone of her work, and it led her sometimes into a certain kind of chic role-playing. In the preciosity of the flower-pieces there is often the sense of a peasant in a salon, charming the party with his artless, earthy insights.

Colette at her best was a describer and a collector, a passionate observer, not a creator in the usual sense of someone with an urge to originate and change. There could hardly ever have been a writer with fewer of the writer's rash glories and insecurities: one often feels that she was really a born manual worker. Willy's jailing suited her. 'Under this regime I . . . developed and shaped within me the ways and temper of a china-repairer', she wrote in *Mes Apprentissages.* 'It taught me my most essential art, which is not that of writing but the domestic art of knowing how to wait, to conceal, to pick up the crumbs, to reglue, regild, change the worst into the not-so-bad.' Colette was a pragmatist of the nervous system who wrote about the senses like some scrupulous and sharp-eyed artisan. Her great pleasures were always in the concrete: her last husband, Maurice Goudeket, recorded that she actually devoured the petals of the flowers she liked, and several people have written about the collection of watches that she used to unpick with a Spanish knife while she was lying on her couch in the Palais-Royal, bent on what she called 'examining their stomachs.'

It was the plastic element of things that engrossed her. When she wrote about painting it was as though she were longing for it to be manipulable, to turn it into sculpture or, better still, a craft object. The Cubists were a marvellously expressed disappointment to her:

> These innovators are much too busy with their completely pneumatic function which consists in expelling all the air from their pictures and forgetting that mysterious, slightly divine thing called perspective, that miracle which suddenly, four centuries ago, detached the painted figure from the wall to which it was flatly affixed, filled with a necessary breath the portraits of trees and of mountains and pushed back to the edge of the sky the cloud, the undulating plain or the waves of the sea.

Elaine Marks's book is subtitled by her publishers 'a lively evaluation of an author who has been described as "eluding analysis",' though I would not myself put Colette very

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high among the enigmas. Nor is it even true in this case to suggest that she eludes analysis in the other sense, for Miss Marks pins back her subject's arms in a businesslike Freudian grip. The central thesis of the book is that Colette was always subconsciously drawn to being dominated because of her early relationship with her mother, Sido: her marriage to Willy is seen as an extension of this. The author is absorbing about her efforts to be worthy of Sido, that warm, concerned woman of 'scandalous sincerity' who affronted village propriety by twice accepting pregnant unmarried girls into her house and saying to them only, with a note of Colette's imperious simplicity: 'Take off your corset, my child.' Colette called herself her 'impure survivor', and Miss Marks believes that the best of her literary output was really a long dialogue with Sido.

The blend of biography, criticism and psychological study in the book is sometimes maladroit, and the clotted style makes it seem less perceptive than it is. In spite of the euphemisms that flex themselves on every page the analysis of Colette's nature is really very thoughtful; the chief hazard is one's feeling that the author, a young Fulbright scholar, instinctively recoils from Colette's amorality and brutal European lasciviousness. One longs too for some harder discussion of the Lesbian – or, as this book would say, 'Sapphic' strain – that runs so strongly through Colette. Her tendency to describe people as animals and flowers is interesting enough, but her tendency to describe women as men and lovers as exhausted girls is even more so. Colette really despised men very much: she credited them with little of the fortitude that she lavished on her female and animal characters, and at the same time she most biliously envied them for their freedom from having to love the male sex, which she regarded as a bondage. Strindberg's misogyny poured fuel into his work; Colette's rather quaint misanthropy hardly does that. Much as she is justly admired as a writer on sex, I am not sure that she would not have been still better on sex between cats.

PENELOPE GILLIATT

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I, My Ancestor

Collected Poems. By RALPH HODGSON. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

'There was a freshness and out-of-door wildness in those days which the present generation cannot imagine.' The phrase is Mr E. M. Forster's, in his World's Classics introduction to *The Longest Journey*, which, like Mr Hodgson's first volume, *The Last Blackbird and Other Lines*, came out in 1907. Born in 1871, Ralph Hodgson has produced only three volumes in a very long life. It might be said of that first volume that it expresses something of the spirit of Stephen Wonham, the love of freshness and wildness, the hatred of deadness calling itself civilisation, but expresses it too often in the language of Leonard Bast.

Like many poets of his generation, Mr Hodgson started off with no characteristic diction or rhythm of his own. Keats, say, had been there before him:

> Under a wide-armed tree,
> Faery Asias newly sprung
> From a green, enchanted sea . . .

And there is a very Leonard-Bastish booksiness:

> There lies Coleridge, bound in green,
> Sleepily still wondering what
> He meant Kubla Khan to mean.
> In that early Wordsworth, Mat
>
> Arnold knew a faithful prop, –
> Still to subject-matter leans,
> Murmurs of the loved hill-top,
> Fyfield tree and Cumnor scenes.

Mr Hodgson's second volume of 1917 marked a very great advance towards the achievement of a personal voice and most of his best-known anthology pieces are taken from it. Like Sir Herbert Read, I was bowled over as a schoolboy by the longest poem in this volume, 'The Song of Honour', and then a year or two later found that the drug or enchantment no longer worked. In a perfectly sincere way, 'The Song of Honour' expands and dilutes the ecstatic nature mysticism of Shelley on the West Wind or Keats on the Nightingale. It leaves out the undernote of exhaustion or darkness, the drag of the death-wish. It is therefore a very suitable poem for introducing schoolboys painlessly to that phase of romanticism. The verse moves at a tremendously confident and exhilarating gallop:

> . . . the sky was lit,
> The sky was stars all over it,
> I stood, I knew not why,
> Without a wish, without a will,
> I stood upon that silent hill
> And stared into the sky until
> My eyes were blind with stars and still
> I stared into the sky.

The other very memorable thing in that volume is a quatrain which is, in fact, the fragmentary beginning of a never achieved long poem:

> Reason has moons, but moons not hers
> Lie mirrored on her sea,
> Confounding her astronomers,
> But, O! delighting me.

Mr Hodgson's most recent volume, *The Skylark and Other Poems*, appeared in 1958 and though it includes some early uncollected work the best things in it are the achievement of old age. The fragment of a long poem, 'The Muse and the Mastiff', is the most bizarrely original thing Mr Hodgson has done, though there are echoes still, particularly of the verse movement of Coleridge's 'Christabel', which provides an epigraph. The hero of the poem is the ancestral memory of a bear, troubling a young mastiff's dreams. The bear utters to Mr Hodgson and his Muse a strange, grumbling catalogue of British animals and birds, concerned above all, in a comic yet moving way, with whether the other greedy creatures leave his ghostly presence anything to feed on. The bear is particularly disrespectful about owlets, on whom Mr Hodgson's Muse particularly dotes, and Mr Hodgson's presents beautifully the defensive tenderness of her love:

> Sobersides and Woebetides,
> Innocent of gall and spleen,
> They look, with little mouths drawn down
> Into their chins, like cherubins
> On monuments of marble brown
> To persons of antique renown,
> A mediaeval King or Queen
> Or warrior; in such seemly art
> She found their print and counterpart . . .

Other impressive late poems are tiny epigrams, recalling the tantalising curtness of 'Reason has moons':

> 'I have been here before' –
> I: I, my ancestor.

I believe that Mr Hodgson has genuinely relived the ancestral romantic experience, not imitated it. Like his primeval bear he wanders about our world looking for a kind of ancient nourishment, of which he finds little. It is only by accident that he appears sometimes a derivative poet.

G. S. FRASER

A Noble Mildness

The Astronauts. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

From the Cam to the Cays. Edited by JOHN THORPE and DAVID CARR. *Putnam.* 25*s.*

Russia Forty Years On. By M. PHILIPS PRICE. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Avenue to the Door of the Dead. By HAROLD ELVIN. *Blond.* 25*s.*

Ulu. By JORGEN BISCH. *Allen & Unwin.* 28*s.*

It is always possible that some 21st-century, space-kitted Hakluyt will produce a work comparable to *The Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by sea or over land.* The English nation, of course, will play no part. There will be no comparable pirates. And the general reader, wrapt in ignorance and wonder, is liable to have a lean time, if the prose style and prosaic attitudes of the seven US flying men who have written *The Astronauts* are anything to go by. The monarch of all sciences is no longer, as Philip Sidney had it, the poet. These seven astronauts are necessarily steady men, engineers. A noble wildness would be fatal when it comes, as they might say, to the crunch.

But even if one astronaut writes surprisingly like another and even if they play the great adventure in a mild and minor key, this account of their training and, in Commander Shepard's case, of the flight has great interest. It's an interest which the reader's incompetence to expound the Second Law of Thermodynamics doesn't destroy. There is no jingoism, and only one sharp nudge at Major Gagarin, when Shepard notes that he *worked* during his voyage while Gagarin was merely a passenger. Unlike Gagarin he confesses to fear, to butterflies in the stomach. Shepard does not, though, recall thinking anything at all at that terrible moment when the booster engine cut off, when the scape tower blew, when the capsule soared alone. His pulse rate however, did reach 132, its highest peak.

One suspects that for publishers the manuscripts of those stellar voyages can scarcely arrive too soon. Surely someone else besides myself must be tired of the current endless accounts by Danes, Englishmen and Germans, usually bearded and curiously present in their own pictures, who have visited what outlandish places remain and who appear to nourish the dark notion about travel being a substitute for talent. Publishers might subject their wandering authors to an astronaut's regimen: . . '. . . ice baths, vibrations, booming noises . . . . strapped to tilt tables, took agonising walks on treadmills'. Perhaps they do so already and only the dull survive to clutch a pen.

The Cambridge people who went out to British Honduras to study the cays (or barrier-reefs) and matters of general scientific and archaeological interest are rewarding exceptions to the run of travel writers. What they have to say of the piratical past and ominous political present is interesting enough: about their work they are fascinating. The place names are a treat in themselves: phrases like 'northward to Ambergris' read like thriller titles. Simple descriptive sentences hypnotised me:

> In and out of the tangled thickets of stagshorn coral swim hundreds of blue and yellow-striped grunts, and with them hordes of tiny metallic blue and green wrasse.

I shall remember the Hollywood tycoon who slept in a hammock and who now gives himself over to carving masks out of mahogany (there is no dissertation on 'the truth of masks' or 'the image and the mask'); also the local eating habits. 'If you can eat it, kill it', they cry. It seems that a parrot is boiled for 12 hours, when one drinks the water.

Mr and Mrs Philips Price stoutly contribute to the swelling library of Russian lore. Mr Price's notes on a recent journey through Russia and East Germany are especially worth having since he is one of the few people who knew Russia at the time of the revolution. He heard Lenin speak in the Kitai-Gorod after the Brest-Litovsk peace, and Trotsky near the Arbat, hot-foot from the battle with the Czarists.

Avenue to the Door of the Dead tells of a knockabout trip through the East made with little money in the company of a womanising Indian. It has its moments of high adventure and low farce. It informs not at all and is highly readable, approximating to the travel fantasy of some roaring suburban boy. Jorgen Bisch is one of those bearded Danes who appears in his own pictures, now exhibiting his tape-recorder to bare-breasted Iban girls, now knocking back arrack with a primitive chief. *Ulu* may perhaps be judged – one doesn't want to be unfair – by the following:

> What is the rivalry for social prestige in competition with the forces of nature, the conquest of a mountain or desert? What is champagne to muddy river water when you are really thirsty?
>
> The jungle called.

But first Mr Bisch visited at the offices of NBC and sold the idea of this trip to Borneo. Already a film has been edited and dubbed. *Life* accepted pictures, asked for text. The publisher wanted the manuscript. 'It all meant delays. Did nobody understand that I was busy preparing my next journey!' The jungle calls.

JOHN MORGAN

What is Law

The Concept of Law. By H. L. A. HART. *Oxford. 21s.*

Eight years ago the flag of modern philosophical method was finally planted on English jurisprudence by the new Oxford Professor. Not only the old answers but many of the old questions came under Professor Hart's inaugural attack. Since then students have awaited his extended treatment of the oldest question of all: 'What is law?' This important book provides it – not, characteristically, by offering a definition of what law 'is', but by suggesting an 'elucidation of the concept of law'. For many years to come, armed with indispensable analogies from the language of games, jurisprudes will do battle over what Professor Hart declares to be his attempt to make a 'fresh start'.

Hart is (in at least some of the five senses he offers) a 'positivist'. He rejects the necessary connections – crucial for most natural lawyers – between 'law' and 'morality'. He denies the assertion *'Lex iniusta non est lex'*, not merely on grounds of usage, but because it is 'too crude a way with delicate and complex moral issues'. To banish unjust law from the study of 'law' would create neither greater clarity nor stiffer 'resistance to evil'. To natural law he offers crumbs of comfort in the form of connections with morality which necessarily arise from the fact that legal rules are concerned with human survival and social continuity, not with a suicide club.

More important, however, are the huge, if sympathetic, swipes at traditional Austinian positivism with which he opens. That tradition defines law by reference to the 'gunman writ large' – orders backed by coercive threats issued by a 'sovereign', a body that obeys no other body and is obeyed by the majority of citizens. Most critics attack this picture by looking outside, for example to international law. Hart attacks from inside. The model just does not allow for the *variety* of legal rules. The law of contract, wills and property does not give orders; it provides 'powers', ways of doing things if you want to.

Also, a law can impose duties upon its *lawmakers.* And custom may be law without anyone ordering anything. Even the Austinian sovereign fails, since it can neither account for the *continuity* of 'legislative authority' – perhaps Austin would have said that Hart was asking the wrong question – nor is it identifiable in modern society. There is indeed no logical need for an *unlimited* legal sovereign and we should give up the search. Whether Parliament can bind itself is an *empirical* question. By this stage of a breathtaking argument defeat for Austin is in sight.

Positivist positions of this kind are rejected by Hart because they fail to account for the character of social rules and of dominant notions such as that of 'obligation'. Legal rules have an 'internal' and an 'external' aspect. The latter is the picture as seen by an observer. The former reflects the attitude of those who accept the structure behind the primary rules as *valid*, such as the judge who, when he says, 'It is the law that . . .', does not give an external description of what he is doing, but the reason for the decision. In

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general a legal system must be efficacious and habitually obeyed; and its 'officials' at least assume this in their 'internal' attitudes.

Hart also makes the valuable distinction between primary and secondary rules – the former ordinary rules of municipal law, the latter the rules whereby it is known how to adjudicate upon, to change and to find the law. The complex 'union' of primary and secondary rules is the best starting-point for understanding what is entailed by a 'legal system'. The secondary 'rule of recognition' (how to find the law) is, of course, fundamental, the 'ultimate rule'. Like the rules of scoring it is seldom described, habitually used. Unlike other rules it has only an 'external' aspect. It is not an assumption but a 'fact'.

Here the positivist feels at home. Law is being defined with reference neither to morality nor to itself, but to facts. But he may ask, What is *not* law for Hart? Even though they display a complex union of primary and secondary rules, the rules of the TGWU are not, either in usage or in fact, rules of law. The union's ultimate rule does not take us to the Queen in Parliament. But how do we know that is where we *ought* to be taken? Not by assessing that body as the only 'unlimited' sovereign in the system, because we have been told to give up the search for such an unnecessary gunman writ large. It seems that we can only know where the search for the rule of recognition ought to take us by *already* knowing the criteria appropriate to and accepted by the system in question, and by its 'officials'. Austinians clinging to the wreckage of their school may wonder whether, after all, Hart is not left holding the baby crying, 'A law is a law is a law!'

Similar criticisms will be heard on two related matters. Hart does not demand of international 'law' that union of primary with secondary rules which is the most useful 'essence' of a municipal legal system. Sanctions which are a 'natural necessity' in the latter are neither required nor safe to use in the former. His discussion shows international 'law' to be so *different* from a municipal system that it comes as a surprise when he does not use the same tests as were used upon the maxim '*Lex iniusta non est lex*' in order to separate from the study of law the study of international relations.

Secondly, Hart's attack upon various 'realist' theories (at the core of which stands the proposition, 'The law is what the courts say it is') will be much debated. He likens such statements to a reduction of cricket to the game of 'scorer's discretion'. But while it is true that the statement, 'The score is what the scorer says', ignores the *rules* of scoring, the texture of legal rules is far more open than those of cricket. As Hart recognises, the *creative* role of the judge in moulding the rules (even the rule of recognition itself directly or, as in the Benn case, indirectly), is quite different from the scorer's. Perhaps the next move along Hart's road is the closer examination of relations between courts or other 'officials' (a term in need of definition), together with what is implied in the ultimate rule.

Lastly, there is one respect in which the argument leaves me with a slight feeling of being cheated. Law is located within the area of social rules. Actual social developments therefore make the most useful examples of its growth. But Professor Hart's examples are usually either imaginary models (like the Kingdom of Rex I) or primitive societies which know only of 'primary' rules. At the exciting point where secondary rules emerge, producing the 'duality' of a legal system as we know it, the rulers and the ruled, one turns for guidance to the notes, which elsewhere direct the reader to so much fruitful material. Perhaps to Renner or to Weber? Both are missing.

At a less fundamental level the same point nags. The legal 'powers' seem to be concerned with types of property relations. Why? Can the 'strong man who disregards morality' and robs another be discussed except against a background of property and class relationships? This is not a complaint that Professor Hart should have written a different book. It is a doubt whether, in elucidating the *concept* of law, he may have lost contact with its sociology.

K. W. WEDDERBURN

Tudor Life and Death

A Tudor Tragedy. By LACEY BALDWIN SMITH. *Cape.* 21*s.*

Tudor Secretary. By F. G. EMMISON. *Longmans.* 50*s.*

Beloved Son Felix. Translated by Seán Jennett. *Muller.* 25*s.*

Seen by way of historical documents and not through the jolly daydreams of fiction, Merrie England (indeed Merrie Europe) horribly affronts our nice modern sensibilities. Trunkless heads drip on spikes; limbs and noses are lopped; the smell of burning humans never has time to disperse. Try to avert your gaze in the street; it will fall on something nastier still. Inside the great noble mansions you cannot hope to be private; you cannot hope to be clean. With the need to be physically tough goes the need to be spiritually flexible; indeed with every monarchical change, your whole moral basis shifts.

These three books offer us different historical routes into Tudor time; but the manners and scenes are the same. The most useful commentary comes from Professor Baldwin Smith, a Princeton historian, in his *Tudor Tragedy*. This is an astringent life of Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII, beheaded after 18 months of marriage for the treason of adultery, a commonplace girl whose life, however, took her to the centre of that violent world. Tudor man was born, Professor Baldwin Smith reminds us, into a divinely ordained system: deviation was sin. Treason, the worst of crimes therefore, had a vast, vague application; it also lay as much in the thought and intention as in the proven fact; it was purged by the most gruesome application of knife and flame to the living carcase.

Henry himself is very precisely sketched in this book: his diplomatic skill, his inordinate vanity, his submissive conformity to the orthodox rules of the church. But punctilious religious observance in members of a royal household should never be looked on with surprise. If royalty does not conform, who should? It is by these very incantations that their own position endures. But Catherine Howard, though given the full biographical light, still emerges as nobody. Of course, she was married for the very thing that caused her downfall – the kind of shallow youthful vivacity that would please an elderly man. A minor member of the teeming, unscrupulous Howard clan, she got her place at the court as a maid to Anne of Cleves: perfect timing to catch the eye of the disillusioned King. Her single memorable moment was at the block; but then like the rest of her contemporaries

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she knew from birth the protocol of death.

Sir William Petre, the subject of *Tudor Secretary*, achieved the considerable feat of serving in this high capacity under four Tudor sovereigns in turn (from Henry VIII to Elizabeth) and of dying, full of years, though in much pain from the stone, in his bed. His mansion (Ingatestone Manor in Essex) and his vast collection of state and household papers have lured Mr F. G. Emmison, the Essex County Archivist, to write this book: a long and faithful account of Petre's career in the setting of his time. Graphically detailed chapters on music, sport, charity, provisioning a household, are placed between the stages of the political narrative. We have at the same time a prospect of Court affairs, reign after reign, from the point of view of a permanent government servant, a view not falsified in the least by awe. However did he stay in the business when heads rolled so easily? Under Henry, he spent years in the work of dissolving the monasteries. Yet when Mary came to the throne she renewed his appointment at once.

A lesser man would not have kept the position; though a greater one might well not have kept his life. He seems to have been at his best in the intricate game of negotiation, fiscal or personal (trade relations with Russia, marital terms with Spain, those early uncomfortable monastery assignments). In all of these his discretion and gravity, his air of being an attentive listener while giving nothing away himself, were of immense advantage. But he also presents the very same countenance to Time. And though Mr Emmison tries a surprise approach here and there – he charts, for instance, how Petre spent the day when Cranmer his friend was being burnt at the stake – the public face remains.

Beloved Son Felix is a new translation of the journal kept between 1552 and 1557 by a young Swiss medical student at Montpellier in the South of France. (Rabelais had studied here some 20 years before.) It was still a medieval walled town when young Felix Platter came to it. But in the anti-clerical outbreaks a few years after he left, every ancient building was destroyed, perhaps for its symbolism, perhaps for ballistic and other military use. The diary, which has drawings as well, brings us curiously close to the ancient scene. It also explains why the old scene went.

At 15, the young diarist rides out from Basle on a little horse which cost seven crowns. Once over the border he is always encountering bodies hanging on gibbets or broken on wheels. 'Pieces of human flesh hung from the olive trees,' he records, 'and this sight gave me a curious sensation.' He prays that he will come back safely himself.

As well he might. Actually, in a foreigner, an unobtrusive Protestantism might be overlooked; but for any native non-Catholic the usual revolting penalties lay in wait. The journal is full of such evidence. A good young man as medical students go, young Felix studies hard, attends all dissections, helps to dig up bodies at dead of night, attends a dance or two, makes progress with the lute. He looks at galley-slaves in the harbour, a lion-and-bull fight in the arena, and 'a pregnant woman walk on a high rope like a tightrope walker.' He records the very nasty fate of a priest turned Protestant, and the hanging 'on a little gibbet that had only one arm' of the servant girl who had tended him when he arrived. (She had gone into service in the house of a priest, had there become pregnant, and later disposed of the child.) At Lent, he risks cooking eggs on a piece of paper held over live charcoal; such fare would mean death for believers. Finally the exams, and the joyful return to Basle. ('Is it really little Master Felix?') It is good to know that our student became the chief physician of the town, Rector of the University, and attended the eminent sick of Switzerland and France.

NAOMI LEWIS

Dark Places

A Quota of Seaweed. By HAMILTON BASSO. *Collins. 16s.*

'All but one of the articles that make up this book appeared in *The New Yorker*.' The words read like an epitaph, proclaiming a fearful resurrection of matter, spectral and characterless, from the magazine morgue. The articles are travel pieces: the places dealt with are, in alphabetical order, Brazil, Honduras, Jamaica, Samoa, Spain and Tahiti. It is never clear why Mr Basso went to these places. Except, of course, to write about them. And since these pieces represent a wholly contemporary degradation of the travel-writer's art, and are helping to make the shrinking world a worse place to live in, they are worth examination.

We will go with Mr Basso to Spain, to observe his purpose and his method. We are off to Ronda. Richard Ford said it was picturesque, and that, for a *New Yorker* reader, is reason enough. Mr Basso tells us a little about Ford. Then, in one paragraph, he drives from Irun to Seville and sums up: 'Spain, scenically, is the most astonishing country in Europe . . . the Spaniards are among the kindliest of all the world's peoples.' He 'especially hated to leave Seville . . . Why should I want to go anywhere else?' But editors are waiting, and at the end of the paragraph we are off again, stopping to make inquiries of peasants. 'The raggedest vagrant or poorest countryman,' we learn, 'knows that he is your equal.' A paragraph of description, another of history, and we run out of cigarettes and stop at a wine-shop ('a radio was blaring out a flamenco song'). In our professional way we frighten ourselves, during some dull scenery, with tales of bandits, and find ourselves 'looking twice at every man we passed'. Disappointingly, 'they couldn't have been more cordial'. We eat and we look at the view. When we get to Ronda we describe our hotel in detail ('a pair of extremely agreeable boys, a tall one and a short one, showed us to our room'). We also describe Ronda. We run out of cigarettes again. A tobacconist gives us a few facts about the place ('farming was the main standby'). We are keen on such facts, and supplement them with a little history. With the tobacconist as guide, we sight-see for two pages. The helpful tobacconist and the proud peasants on the way are the limit of our contact with the population. We learn next to nothing of well-bred Mr Basso either.

Among Europeans he is The American. Among the quaint but basically sinister natives of Jamaica and the South Seas he is The White Man: the breakdown of his car, for instance, is nothing less than 'the failure of the white man's technology'. Among the Maroons of Jamaica in 1950 he is The White American: Mr Basso, and his readers, simply can't lose. Except for Miss Dunham, we are told (and she was black), no American had been to the Maroon country for more than 20 years. We very nearly forget that Patrick Leigh Fermor had been there some months before, and that *The Traveller's Tree* was

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published in the very year of Mr Basso's visit.

Though these pieces were all written in the 1950s, Mr Basso suggests that he is the last American to see the unspoiled Spain, the last white man to see the unspoiled natives. Soon, he tells us sadly, the American tourists will come, and all that is quaint and dark and unspoiled will be so no longer. No one despises the American tourist more than the American tourist; and Mr Basso doesn't see that the straw-hatted, dark-glassed, camera-hung, bermuda-shorted American in the tropics, looking for calypso and safe kicks, has been primed and conditioned by scores of vapid professional writers like Mr Basso himself.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Venerable Authority

The Key. By JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI. Translated by Howard Hibbett. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Furnished Room. By LAURA DEL-RIVO. *New Authors.* 16*s.*

The Cutting Edge. By DAVID STUART LESLIE. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Angélique and the Sultan. By SERGEANNE GOLON. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Outside Japan Junichiro Tanizaki is known, if at all, as the author of *The Makioka Sisters,* a painstakingly minute chronicle of the Japanese middle classes in the years before the war. In Japan itself Tanizaki is, simply, the greatest living Japanese novelist. When, therefore, *The Key* appeared, first in print and then in Kurosawa's version on the screen, the Japanese public experienced a profound shock: it was as if C. P. Snow had written *The Naked Lunch* or E. M. Forster *Lolita.* Most critics affirmed that the book was either a masterpiece or a near-masterpiece; but many, so far from agreeing with the view expressed on the dust-jacket of this English translation that Tanizaki 'now has the venerable authority to write about such unusual sexual and psychological problems', maintained on the contrary that this venerable authority ought never to have been applied to so perverse a theme.

The Key is the story of an obsession, and it is written with a concentration which excludes all facts irrelevant to that obsession. Whereas in *The Makioka Sisters* we are spared no details, however trivial, about the lives of the characters – even their most intimate digestive processes provide a *Luther*-like rumbling ground-bass to more exalted themes – *The Key* leaves us amazed that while in one sense we have learned so much about its four chief characters, yet in another we have learned so little. For example, the two men work at Kyoto University, one as professor and the other as assistant, but we finish the book totally ignorant of the subjects which they teach.

The obsession which excludes all such facts is not, I think, the dread of impotence, as Japanese critics have in general supposed, but rather that craving for self-destruction which lurks, waiting for detonation, within even the happiest and most rational-seeming of Japanese. Tanizaki's middle-aged professor (we never learn his name) realises that his sexual powers are failing; but at the same time his desire for his wife, a woman whose avid sensuality has all her life been masked by an old-fashioned upbringing, has never been more acute. He finds that jealousy and voyeurism are stimuli far more potent than the drugs with which he begins systematically to undermine his health, and in order to create the conditions in which these stimuli can function most effectively he begins to encourage his wife to enter on an affair with their daughter's suitor.

He keeps a diary, therefore, which he knows that his wife will read; and his wife in turn keeps her diary, which she knows that he will read. First she, then the suitor and then the daughter become, unknown to each other, the professor's collaborators. Suffering from dangerously high blood-pressure, the professor is warned by his doctors that the combination of drugs and his state of over-stimulation will be fatal to him; but neither he nor his trio of victim-accomplices can now draw back – he in his eagerness to sacrifice his life to the obsession, they in their eagerness to help him to this end. He has a stroke and dies; and the three survivors live on together, the young man marrying the girl 'for the sake of appearances' (as the wife puts it), but in fact, one infers, so that they may continue to play out this diabolic game until none of them is left.

Had this been a first novel instead of the work of so distinguished an author, one can imagine the report of the publisher's reader. 'Repellent . . . Surely the book requires both filling out and toning down? . . . Motives obscure . . .' But if the author had given way to such suggestions, his book, though it might have been less tantalising, would at the same time have lost that power to reverberate in the imagination which is one of the attributes of any valid work of art. Restricted, thin, ambiguous, distasteful: *The Key* is all those things. But that it is also a work of art can never be in doubt. Tanizaki's style in this novel has been compared by some Japanese critics to that of André Gide, and Howard Hibbett's translation bears an appropriate resemblance to Dorothy Bussy's versions of Gide in English.

The Furnished Room is neither a work of art nor even a good novel, but I read it with interest. Laura Del-Rivo's biographical note reads like a parody ('. . . Educated at a convent . . . Jobs included bookshop assistant, office clerk, Lyons counter hand, messenger, art-school model and char . . . A congenial ruin in Notting Hill Gate . . . Her room was a cell with bare floorboards, and a pullover stuffed in the broken window-pane'), and there are stretches of this Journey to the End of the Bed-sitter Night which might equally be parody. But though the central character obstinately remains no more than a conglomeration of fashionable attributes, the settings through which he moves – squalid furnished rooms, seedy bars and cafés – are described with a wonderful authenticity. One touching scene, between the main character, the nihilist Beckett (*sic*) and his conventional, doting mother, hints that Miss Del-Rivo will one day achieve for people what she has so far achieved only for places and things.

If Miss Del-Rivo gives the impression of over-extending her gifts, David Stuart Leslie has now learned to work within his, with the happiest of results. *The Cutting Edge* describes crisply and convincingly the repercussions which follow the disappearance of a nine-year-old boy in a somnolent Cotswold village. Apart from an Italian, formerly a prisoner-of-war, who fails to come off at all, Mr Stuart Leslie has created a number of diverting characters. This seems to me to be his best novel so far.

Angélique and the Sultan, sequel to *Angélique* and *Angélique and the King,* kept me riveted to my deck-chair – asleep.

FRANCIS KING

A Show Called Fred

Corvo, 1860-1960. Edited by CECIL WOOLF and BROCARD SEWELL. *Saint Albert's Press.* 3 *gns.*

The works of Frederick Rolfe form a kind of Old Curiosity Shop of letters; and their author would surely have been at home in one of the rather creepy-crawly second-hand bookshops that used to surround the British Museum, haunts of the dwindling number of shabby eccentrics who daily preserve their private worlds beneath the dusty glass dome of the Reading Room. Stocky, balding, short-sighted, a heavy smoker; gossipy, vain, quarrelsome, always in debt; with his beautiful handwriting and his mediocre paintings, his mumbo-jumbo medievalism and his Greekified, sciolist's prose, he emerges from *The Quest for Corvo,* A. J. A. Symons's 30-year-old 'experiment in biography', as one of the most antipathetic dabblers ever to have produced any bulk of serious literature. The would-be priest, expelled from the Scots College in Rome, who abbreviates his Christian name to 'Fr.' and lets people suppose it means 'Father', then writes an autobiographical novel in which he becomes Pope; the piano-maker's son from Cheapside who claims to have been given the title 'Baron Corvo'; the self-made scholar and unpaying guest whose last days in Venice are shadowed by destitution and homosexual fantasies or escapades – altogether, he was an irresistible specimen for the literary lepidopterist. No wonder, since Symons, that Rolfe the man has elbowed out Rolfe the writer: 'human interest' is usually more popular than art. Rolfe's centenary might have been the occasion for correcting the emphasis: but in this handsomely-produced collection, unfortunately, most of the writers have missed their chance.

The editors admit in their foreword that 'a certain unity and coherence may have been lost' by the decision to invite contributors to write on a theme of their own choice. In four cases out of 12 this has been treated as an invitation to irrelevant autobiography, aping the Symons manner: 'I was in the habit, during my years at Pennsylvania . . .' 'My discovery of the Benson papers began fortuitously with a phone call late one Thursday evening . . .' 'towards the end of that year, I read for the first time *The Quest for Corvo* . . .' 'Not very long after leaving school, I found myself solely responsible for dusting the showcases, and meeting visitors at the door, of a moribund provincial museum.' As these separate extracts suggest, two of the contributors are collectors: 'Now I have started two subsidiary collections, devoted to John Gambril Nicholson and Charles Kains-Jackson. The quest continues.' One, Rabbi Bertram W. Korn, supplies 'An Anatomy of Corvinism' which rather forbiddingly portrays 'our small fraternity of Corvo-enthusiasts' as timid rebels vicariously enjoying Rolfe's outrageousness – an idea echoed by Miss Hansford Johnson when she likens him in her introduction to Groucho Marx.

Four of the essays, however, make notable contributions to Rolfe's biography. Brian Fothergill recounts the Rolfe-Benson quarrel with what in this company is marked objectivity: 'Fine as these sentiments are one can also well imagine them being penned by an emotional schoolgirl'. Victor Hall describes an interview with Mrs Ivy van Someren, Rolfe's one-time hostess in Venice, and prints some characteristic Rolfe letters. The editors themselves, in a study of Rolfe's conversion and vocation, learnedly disentangle a complex story with a degree of charity only marred by spiritual snobbery: 'this is the distinguishing doctrine of Catholicism, the *pierre d'achoppement* against which all others who claim the name of Christian must stumble.' After this, and after another contributor's claim for Rolfe of a 'place in the mainstream of modern Catholic literature', it's a relief if not a surprise to find a Benedictine, Dom Sylvester Houédard, writing 'A Request for Rolfe' which is in fact the most searching essay in the book, raising countless biographical queries, drawing a fine, kindly distinction between Rolfe and the *persona* of 'Corvo', and incidentally reminding us that the former, at least, had a sense of humour.

But where, among the tributes, is the author? Only three of the present essays are devoted to examination of his work: two undistinguished accounts of minor productions – *Don Renato* and 'How I was Buried Alive' – and one long, painstaking and curious enumeration of 'Rolfe's Bestiary'. True, a further paper discusses the abortive collaboration with Pirie-Gordon on *Hubert's Arthur;* but its critical calibre may be gauged from its tribute to 'the perfection of his style'. Another writer, similarly, speaks of 'the exquisite refinement of his style' – dubious praise for anyone, and inappropriate for Rolfe. Perhaps, in his forthcoming biography, Mr Woolf will remedy the omissions of his contributors, and trace the obsessive strength in Rolfe's writing as well as its place in the late-Victorian cult of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. For, as D. H. Lawrence remarked of *Hadrian the Seventh*, 'if it is the book of a demon, as the contemporaries said, it is the book of a man-demon, not of a mere *poseur*. And if some of it is caviare, at least it came out of the belly of a live fish.' Too bad that the present anthology mostly consists of potted shrimps.

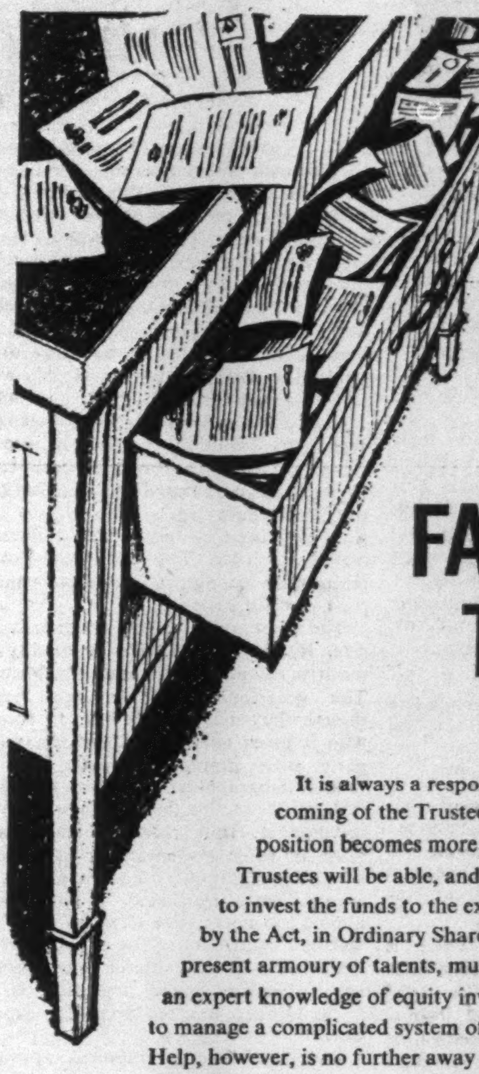
Richard Mayne

Kenneth Fearing

At about the time of Hemingway's suicide, the New York poet Kenneth Fearing lay dying of cancer. Nearly as old as Hemingway, Fearing was born in the same Chicago suburb and, in his own way, was just as fine a writer. But he was the least self-publicising of writers and had the poverty to prove it. Fearing was America's one adult, accomplished poet-in-a-garret.

He suffered greatly because he had been a leading Left poet of the Thirties. Unlike their English counterparts, the poets of this group never recovered from the anti-Communist reaction that followed the Nazi-Soviet pact. Certain writers were 'forgotten' in a near-Freudian sense. Others even forgot themselves – there was one writer of some interest before the last war who was reborn, after it, as the author of a 'first' novel. The will to suppress memories of a phase of American sensibility that affected many gifted people is a powerful psychic force. Fearing, no more doctrinaire than, say, Auden or Spender, was one of its victims. He did not go unpublished, he was just neglected.

Fearing remains one of our purest stylists in a brilliant age of poetry. His ear for big-city vernacular was dead right. All Americans, Saroyan once noted, are 'in the big movie' – and, we may add, in the big vaudeville show and comic strip too. Fearing loved all this. He put his marvellous ear for it to the



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service of his elegiac, nostalgic spirit and made a uniquely touching poetry of the wisecracking, brooding world of the everyday metropolis: 'Say the last word, you long, straight streets!' It is the world of the terrible emptiness as well, where if you're not strong enough nothing means anything – 'where the wind blows and the motors go by and it is always night, or day . . .'

The main stream of modern American poetry belongs to writers of extraordinary resources like Eliot, Crane, and Lowell. Fearing, like Hemingway, differs from them in that his voice is but a clearer, sadder, more knowing modulation of the voice of ordinary men. Yet just this tone makes him indestructible. The speaker in Fearing's poems reads the daily papers and is part of the city crowd. He knows the anonymous spirits who scribble graffiti and pencil beards on the pretty ladies of the posters; he ponders their *cris de coeur*: 'Mabel loves Harry and Harry loves Mabel.' He suggests the curious ambiguities of love as delicately as Yeats: 'You will remember the kisses, real or imagined.' (His beloved 'sleeps, dreaming that she sleeps and dreams.') His satire is equally immediate: 'the face of the bought magistrate, quivering in horror above prostitute and pimp', or, more in the vein of the big comic strip:

> And wow he died as wow he lived,
> going whop to the office and blooie home to sleep and biff got married and bam had children and oof got fired,
> zowie did he live and zowie did he die,
>
> With who the hell are you at the corner of his casket, and where the hell we going on the right hand silver knob, and who the hell cares walking second from the end with an American Beauty wreath from why the hell not.

This compassionate, humorous voice is virtually unknown in England. In recent years Fearing became absorbed in the theme of the antihumanity of an over-organised society, run in all countries by 'racketeers' controlling the channels of communication and therefore the effective wealth and power. He was not a crackpot, but was simply puzzled and despairing – as who isn't – over the endless frustration of the private personality and of man's desire for a happier world. The voice of his poems is the inward, 'domestic', counterpart of Hemingway's men of action.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

Saffron

Underneath the ice
Lies the frozen spirit of Bice

Green are her eyes, green her hair
The frozen spirit of Bice is Winter's prisoner

When Spring comes, Pale is her name and her hair
And eyes are pale blue and she is freer.

In summertime she is called Saffron,
Yellow are eyes and hair then. I welcome

Bice, Pale and Saffron, but I love best
Beautiful summer Saffron, running fast

Because this beautiful spirit should not be frozen
And is furthest from it when she is Saffron.

STEVIE SMITH

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Mind the Paintwork

LAWRENCE GOWING

The good critic, even the good historian, is the one who writes not only about painting but implicitly *for* it. By this standard Werner Haftmann is very good indeed. His big book on 20th-century painting which has now appeared in English*, further enlarged to take account of the English-speaking countries and some at least of what has happened since 1954, becomes at once part of the artistic climate, the climate of opinion in which painting is done and looked at, and a bigger part than any other book of its kind. It is indeed enormous. There are well over a quarter of a million words of it, aside from the plates, which are a good deal less valuable: they can be found and sometimes found better elsewhere. It is a book to have and live with, or would be but for the bulk and the matter of price. The publishers can atone perhaps by issuing the text in two paperbacks for a tenth the money.

The sheer weight of information is impressive. It conveys the massive dignity of the modern movement as only exact history can. The occasional mistakes are forgivable, though they may not seem so to John Piper who is given an expressionist phase in company with Bomberg. Finally, there is a reliable biographical dictionary of more than 500 artists. In this field, of course, history is inseparable from criticism. Haftmann is a critic of some brilliance, analytical, allusive, by turns epigrammatic and expansive, and he is excellently translated. (Sometimes he is almost too neat: 'For Cézanne form was the spiritual equivalent of the material world, for Munch it was the material equivalent of the spiritual world.') He proceeds on several levels at once, and the deepest is a profound one.

Starting from the moment around 1890 when, as many writers taking a lead from Worringer have noticed, a radical anxiety dislocated the direct relationship of painting to its visible material, he proceeds to read the whole subsequent history as a graph of the tension between man and the world, between the self and external reality. Cézanne and Van Gogh reveal it; Munch is mortally strained by it; Ensor is broken. Then, with the 'youthfully carefree aggressiveness' of the new generation, the pull goes the other way. In Expressionism and Fauvism it is the real object that is pulled out of shape. The tension is transcended by Matisse and Gris, capitalised by Picasso and neutralised by Kandinsky, but only when Klee comes to experience the world and the self as one is the solution in sight. The idea is a common tool of German criticism but it is used here with extraordinary consistency and insight.

Dr Haftmann, tunnelling industriously through the strata of art and thought, making endless passages of connection and correspondence which only partially fall in behind him, eventually arrives at the formulation, not unfamiliar but none the less remarkable in an operation on this scale at this depth: 'The distinction, so favoured . . ., between "abstract" and "representational" art is at bottom meaningless; for modern painting is both!'

He is surely right. Moreover the argument was polemically useful, particularly in Germany in 1954 against the formidable Sedlmayr and his like and the criticism of the apparent mannerism of modern art. It can hardly be proved, of course, that all the painters he admires are as much concerned with 'the multi-dimensional, many-layered "second reality" that has emerged at the limits of consciousness' as with the two-dimensional manners of art, and appearance is against it. But the self-engrossment of 20th-century art is an essential feature. It arises from the situation which Haftmann analyses, the realisation that 'man is a part of this reality of his . . . as Niels Bohr puts it, he is both actor and spectator.' It was this that set the stage for the historic moment in 1909 when Kandinsky got the clue from a sight of the painting on his easel, and for Gris with his idea of the artist as his own spectator, extracting the object from the picture. A picture in the course of painting flourishes on the information which it supplies. (That is what the overworked phrase about 'the autonomy of the picture', which does its perfunctory duty here, describes.)

Art receives, and always has in a slightly different sense, a continual feed-back of information from itself. But the mechanism is self-accelerating; it is a matter of experience, however difficult for the apologist to face. In a moment the closed circuit begins to race, until it reaches a steady, undifferentiated state in which one process or processor can be distinguished from another only as one distinguishes an electronic hum or whistle. In painting (or looking at painting) the task is to catch the feed-back in its rudimentary, primitive stage, to read the original piece of self-generated information and the intrinsic nature of the reflex.

This gives a handle for those who are in trouble to prove that the trouble with painting is that its cybernetic machinery has simply gone wrong. Of course it hasn't. It has merely discovered, under pressure, that the essential rightness resides in nothing but the genuine compulsive response to a real situation. It asks us only to credit the simple recognition that the faculty which is isolated is a human one and the knowledge it produces human knowledge. We learn to trust against all probability, to trust outrageous improbability most of all, so long as we recognise the pressure.

Any book that ranges as widely as this is bound to emphasise what is common, the public rationalisation against what is private and compulsive. It has to assume that we knew that it was not his taste or philosophy that drove an artist the way he had to go, that a picture is the sign of an absolutely personal and tightly-wrapped package of psychic purposes, like a joke or a dream. It is the product of a process that one had better (on the analogy of the dream-work and the joke-work of Freud or *his* excellent translator) call the *paint-work*, rather than overlook it altogether. No picture is autonomous. It is ruled by its maker and serves his purpose. It depends on him and if he depends also on it the feed-back goes into operation and a painter is in business. It is the paint-work that is autonomous, and it always has been.

Haftmann is well aware that the stream of art is made up of innumerable personal purposes, each in some degree enigmatic. But synoptic history, even the most compendious, cannot recapture the idiosyncratic force of each private compulsion. The unique character of an artist is often made to hang on a single, suitably enigmatic word. For Munch the word is Panic (*panisch*). For Nolde, chthonian. Kokoschka, autistic. Picasso, Imago. And so on: the labels stick. But the question that is begged by general reasoning about the progress of styles which were in fact mosaics of specifically personal impulses – each of them with reasons of the kind that reason does not know – lies at the root of the issue with which Haftmann is finally concerned.

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* *Painting in the Twentieth Century. Lund Humphries.* 12 gns.

His history is directed to a definite conclusion. The international abstract style is now predominant; 'from a purely objective point of view it is undeniable.' In it the self and the world are atomised and reconciled, and there is not much else in the last 20 years worth writing about. It may be so; certainly the style is rich in meaning and achievement, and it will not find better historical exegesis than this. Objectively it is perhaps equally evident that the kind of personal force which may break into real History, the sort that is written by time, is scattered far and wide across the boundaries which Haftmann has set himself.

That may not matter; a book must be about something and most good ones can be convincingly damned for their omissions. What matters is that this rationalisation of the private processes of art is so very like a prescription not only for style but for its frame of thought. Haftmann demonstrates with monumental optimism that the tension, the tragedy, which has attached men most securely to the practice of painting, is now resolved. It vanishes in a dazzling chromatic apotheosis in which all races and nations will presently share. Very possibly the demonstration is monumentally false. But it is just the kind of infectious dogma to damage the paint-work. If the end of the book is accepted as history in the sense that the rest is, if the notion that this optimism is now compulsory really gets into the climate, we shall notice the nip in the air.

Roll on Reality

LOUIS MACNEICE

August for the people and their favourite telly. Know-all teenagers watching Trad Fad discover their doubles taking part in it. A deadpan materfamilias explains to a self-consciously worried Trevor Philpott how five or six times a week she is such a good housewife that she fixes the dinner before leaving for Bingo. On *This Week* Mr Peter Duval Smith, glowering through space-fiction spectacles, cross-questions the young men of the Panzer battalion that is going to Wales: the young men, open-eyed and innocent, cannot believe that anyone except a few 'radical cranks' will raise any objection to their visit; the director keeps cleverly cutting away, now to a tank waggling a minatory gun at us, now to a classroom where the instructor is explaining that you cannot go wrong with the British provided you keep saying 'Sorry!' The young men in their uniforms are followed immediately by beauty queens in theirs; the latter file smiling through the rain of Lancs watched by grim Lancastrians. One of the queens' mothers is shown in close-up; the camera gets stuck on a powerful jaw which unlocks to reveal a sense of business. August for the people and their favourite statistics.

Granada, subscribing to the fashionable cult of rudeness, gave up one whole hour to Mr Randolph Churchill whose friends, under the adroit chairmanship of Henry (Establishment) Fairlie, proceeded to prove that they could be candid too. One used the word 'beastly', another the word 'bloody'. Switching over to this from the Cooper-Calderwood fight on BBC I found little change in the atmosphere except for the absence of the hooting masses. My television set suddenly choosing to practise some very fancy footwork of its own, Mr Churchill and his bare-fisted pugs appeared to be sparring under rather dirty water. Yet nothing could blur the love-hate in their voices and some memorable things were said of the 'political buccaneer' who sat lapping up these very mixed offerings like some massive, satisfied idol. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, who found in Randolph 'a naturally Balkan approach to life', deplored his absence from the House because his 'lack of any sense of proportion' was 'very valuable in a politician'. Nigel Nicolson commented on his ingrained antipathy to the electors. Lord Birkenhead said: 'He cannot bear to be alone.' James Cameron found him 'fundamentally a very insecure chap'. Michael Foot thought that, although or because he did not belong in this century, as a phenomenon of 'audacity' he ought to be preserved 'like rhinoceroses'. And everyone agreed that he was brave. But the landlady of a pub in East Bergholt, declining to admit he was an 'English gentleman', said: 'I think he could speak quite different from what he do.'

The recipient of this strange accolade kept smiling through incense and stinkbomb and only got seriously annoyed when Lord Stanley of Alderney suggested that he could not care less about being the son of his father. And this would-be reformer of the Press deftly failed to explain why he writes for the *News of the World*: it seems he does not write *for* it, they just happen to print what he leaves lying around. The programme was all great fun, not only orally but visually. Most of the faces, beginning with that of his relative John Spencer Churchill, could hold their own even with Randolph's in any amateur face show, at least in the historico-comical class. But possibly Randolph himself has lost his amateur status. When it had been more than once suggested that his behaviour was 'an act', he readily admitted that he saw 'a richly comic side' to himself and that he deliberately exercised the 'art of saying unexpected things'. One of the unexpected things in this programme, in fact, was that he said so few of them.

Altogether a rattling good hour's entertainment and much to be preferred to two other recent ITV dramatisations, Giles Cooper's *Love and Penguins* and Pinter's *The Dumb Waiter*. The former was a disappointment from a witty and skilful dramatist, though if you are going to base a 'comedy' on a wife's letters from her dead husband, perhaps you need something more than wit and skill. As for the Pinter, in spite of the presence on the screen of two excellent naturalistic and therefore Pinteresque actors, Kenneth Warren and Roddy McMillan, and in spite of the fact that a cast of two should be just up television's tiny street, this production had far less impact than the stage one. There seems to be a paradox here: Randolph Churchill, being stagey by his nature, can remain true to life (his own, that is) on the intimate television screen, whereas with Pinter, who is true to the

MRS PANDIT
—WOMAN IN A MAN'S WORLD

Mrs. Pandit, sister of Prime Minister Nehru, who has just relinquished her post as Indian High Commissioner in London, has had a career unparalleled by any woman in our time. In an exclusive interview with **The Sunday Times** she talks about her life at the world's centres of power:

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Mrs. Pandit reveals, too, her thoughts on the problems of India today.

Read her remarkable recollections in the

SUNDAY
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life of ordinary people, this very intimacy requires the most delicate direction. When this is lacking, we might as well put on our stiff upper lips and turn to Light Entertainment: roll on the Beauty Queens, mums and all.

Un Certain Sourire

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

While we are still feasting on Titov, comes the official Gagarin story in colour film (general release). At first it seems very official: the Red Square gala (the kind of thing we only get to when a Princess has looked in outer space for a husband), with the longest red carpet a hero ever had to march along, then the salute to Mr K and lengthy communiqué face to face, then the embrace, then Krushchev putting on spectacles and bringing out typescript for the lengthiest proceeding of all. No Russian rejoicing is complete without nostalgias for the party meeting. But from Mr K, well in his stride, we cut away to the early history of space flight, to Smolensk where our cosmonaut was born, to engineering college and flying school, to the short list for the flight itself. The film warms up. First the constructional background of the spaceship, then the picking and training of cosmonauts bring us inexorably towards take-off.

The endurance tests go on for day after day of isolation. By this time the camera has narrowed its vision down to Gagarin; he emerges from all these ordeals with the now famous smile; he is elected; he has to make his oration to the board of examiners; at last he is rigged with wires, dressed, hoisted by crane, laid in position, with porthole, TV screen, food tubes to hand.

Of the actual flight all that is shown after the streak-away through the blue is the picture of his reclining head transmitted to monitors in the base control room; he can take his helmet off; he speaks ('it is all very beautiful'), the smile appears. The crowds get their first knowledge of him, and presently the news of a safe landing. No hint, even here, of how that was achieved. The film ends in triumph, and if not a triumph itself, at least impressively rams home the victory. One could have wished for more of the imaginative acumen that provided shots of the mad flight of atomic particles and of a man swimming in a cabin deprived of gravity.

Otherwise this week is full of families. The irrepressible Hayley Mills pops up again double in *The Parent Trap* (Studio One), playing identical but separated twins who at long last, since this is a two-hour-plus film, bring their parents together. It may have seemed long to me, but not to the girls squatting in the aisles. It is pretty cunning in all ways. There's sentiment in cart-loads; but then the Hayley Mills twins aren't bogged in it, and she keeps lively, screwing her eyes up in the sun, quick with a grimace or a sickly moue, and differentiating when need be between Mills from Boston and Mills from California. She has been groomed by Hollywood, unfreckled, arch-eyebrowed, and her age, fourteenish, exploited with artfulness. She has a bathing scene, a nightie scene; she's almost a nymphet – though no one may so regard her in the film, the audience is at liberty to do so. And it's all so morning-fresh!

The doubling and the slapstick timing are brilliant, especially with Brian Keith as Daddy, and cattiness is brought in to sharpen the too-soft trend. Obviously Disney has hit the jackpot again, and more appealingly (to you and me) than with his last Hayley Mills effort in *Pollyanna*.

Another member of the Mills family, Juliet, starts *No, My Darling Daughter* (Odeon) as a schoolgirl and ends as a bride. The transformation isn't quite convincing, but this is British comedy, in which a slip on the mat constitutes a comic scene and actors like Michael Redgrave and Roger Livesey must endear themselves by making the best of things. City Baronet's daughter runs off with Yank.

A final family spree is provided by the Austrian *The Trapp Family* (Carlton), about a guitar-playing nun and seven singing children whose governess she becomes. The dubbed English makes it quite funny. 'Must you run away?' asks the Princess of her widower suitor, 'Come to the opera. Someone should take me.' The melodious family flee Hitler and tour America, mixing American ballads with their Tyrol costume. Ah me, time was when they would stop half-way through the soup to chant Palestrina.

Youth Week

ROGER GELLERT

This has been a great week for striplings, with Michael Codron bringing the RADA production of *Under Milk Wood* to the Lyric, Hammersmith, and Michael Croft's Youth Theatre presenting *Richard II* at the Apollo.

Under Milk Wood is probably the amateur reciter's favourite treasury these days, and it is small wonder that RADA students too have regularly chosen to luxuriate in this concert performance of the work – devised for them by James Roose-Evans. Nineteen readers (recent graduates of the academy) are deployed on a pyramidal arrangement of chairs. To begin with, only the two narrators are illuminated, one on either wing; the others come progressively into view as dawn breaks, and later sink back into the gloom of night. This has its disadvantages, especially early on, as voices from the dark are curiously inaudible till you have fitted faces to them, and the lighting itself is not always of the cleverest. The static oratorio is broken occasionally by a figure rising and miming a few actions to go with the mad superabundance of Thomas's words. There is real bravura from Michael Rothwell as Utah Warkins, and poison-plotting Mr Pugh is done to the life-in-death by the superbly cadaverous David Warner. But the text carries itself as jauntily as ever, hardly needing visual aids, much less the choral ones which it gets at Hammersmith. There is an awful tendency at focal points to intone 'David of the White Rock' or other top Welsh pops, invoking an atmosphere of Eisteddfoddage which would certainly have had the author howling in the aisles. Finally, a chap steps forward to give a fairly mediocre rendering of 'In my craft or sullen art', after which the company gets in the groove again with another Welsh number. Such marginalia are obtrusive and irrelevant. When they stick to the job these young readers, having overcome an initial penchant for chanting, turn out to be pretty good.

The Youth Theatre *Richard II* is, of course, younger still; but Mr Croft's little eyases are supremely competent and give a clean, sharp rendering of a play which can easily be a bore. The amazingly accomplished Richard

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COMPANY MEETING

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

SIR PHILIP WARTER REVIEWS PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENTS

The 34th annual general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation Limited was held on August 11 in London, Sir Philip Warter (the Chairman) presiding.

In his statement which had been circulated to members, Sir Philip said that the Net Profit of the Corporation for the year ended 31st March, 1961, showed a substantial improvement over that for the previous year and was very nearly as high as the record achieved in 1959.

He added: The cinemas have done substantially better due to the remission of Entertainments Duty and Television, following on the re-organisation, has improved its business.

In the year under review £3,016,629 of the Group Trading Profit of £5,717,282 was contributed by Television and £2,700,653 arose from the Production, Distribution and Cinema Sections of the business. The Board is recommending a total dividend of 60% for the year, and has also decided to recommend a Bonus issue of one-for-one so as to bring the issued Ordinary Capital more into line with the Capital employed in the business.

The Net Profit of the Group before taxation amounted to £4,929,959, a rise of £1,979,132 on last year's figure of £2,950,827. The Net Profit Available amounted to £2,543,937.

Commenting on Film Production and Distribution, Sir Philip said: Since the formation of the Company Elstree Studios have been an important factor in British film production and during the year under review they have been fully employed in making feature films for the home and overseas markets.

Associated British-Pathe is responsible for four departmental operations, i.e. the production of Pathe News, T.V. Commercials and Documentary Films and also the Foreign Distribution of Cinema and T.V. Films.

The T.V. Commercial Department has been particularly active and last year's turnover constituted a record.

Documentary Department: Its work with Government Departments and important industrial companies has been increased, quite apart from the home and overseas success of the weekly magazine, "Pathe Pictorial".

The Chairman then referred to A.B.C. Cinemas, and said that much of the improvement in the cinema trading during the year had been due to the abolition of Entertainments Duty in the 1960 Budget. That improvement, however, was only significant if they could be certain that the fall in attendance figures was levelling off. He added: If we disregard the cinemas closed during the year, the attendance figures decreased as against the previous year by about 3%.

26 Cinemas were closed during the year and we commenced the current year's trading with 313 cinemas.

During the year we opened Bowling Centres in Dagenham, Essex and Wylde Green, Birmingham, and we are commencing conversion of cinemas at Leytonstone and Levenshulme, both of which will be opened during the current year.

We have long-term plans covering a number of other situations and although we regard Bowling as a promising venture, the extent of our development in this field will be determined in the light of our experience.

Turning to ABC Television, Sir Philip said that that Company had shown improved results, and continued: ABC Television has a particular difficulty, unlike other Programme Contractors, in that it is restricted to the provision of programmes on Saturdays and Sundays and, as a result, has found it necessary to provide facilities which in themselves would be capable of a much wider field of operation.

Referring to the current year, Sir Philip said: I am always reluctant to make forecasts so early in the year. However, so far, business both in the cinemas and in television, is being maintained on a comparable basis with last year.

Hampton makes an elegant gadfly of the King, but lacks any redeeming dimension of charm or humour and reduces most of his outbursts to straight hysteria, which diminishes the character considerably. He misses the intellectual edge and detachment which keep Richard in euphuistic command of even the most abject situation. Richard surely is a clownish masochist, always wringing the maximum fun out of misery; surprised by the genuine grief of Aumerle, he instantly thinks up an absurd game of fretting graves with tears. Of course there is pathos in the fooling, but no true grief. In other respects the outlines of the play are lucidly plotted at the Apollo. John Shrapnel ricochets excitingly as Mowbray, and Neil Stacy is a charming York. The Youth Theatre will follow their *Richard II* on 22 August with a fortnight of *Henry IV Part 2*.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,643 **Set by Hilary Rubinstein**

A successful French novelist is said to have claimed that the ingredients of a best-seller can be contained in a single short sentence, and offered as an example: 'My God', said the princess, 'I'm pregnant and I don't know by whom.' Competitors are invited to compose three similar best-selling synopses in not more than 20 words each. Entries by 29 August.

Result of No. 1,640 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

Nations gain their rights to rise
By service and by sacrifice

was recently quoted by Mr R. A. Butler from 'Attock on the Indus', a poem written to celebrate Mr Butler's birth. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a supposed poem written to celebrate the birth of Albert Finney, J. B. Priestley, Cronin, Dr Beeching, Frank Cousins or President Kennedy.

Report

Undue prescience was surely inappropriate here; and some competitors misread the subject and submitted birthday greetings. But there was a fair ration of quality among the entries. Beeching proved all-out favourite; Cousins and Cronin had fewer followers, and people were undecided whether they were supposed to do the novelist or the Jones's ex-butler – Ken Geering observed:

. . . those without the Palace door
Who wonder what the Butler saw
(Whose careful choice of occupation
Ensures a healthy Circulation)
Are but the People's lower half
That worships 'neath the Golden Calf!

I also liked Doris Pulsford on Priestley:

They came to a city of gold,
And found it a trick of the light:
Each brick was a point in a plan,
Each eminence grey.
They who'd been long on the way
Complained of the cold.

The prizes are divided between the following entries:

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Genius that inheres at birth
May co-exist with solid worth;
Common sense and blunt expression
To modesty make no concession;
The power to feel with common man
And raise his status half a span;
To sting an apathetic age
To turn a new and nobler page;
To crush the all-too-common crime
Of living Death by killing Time –
These attributes announce a plan
Pursued with genius by a MAN.

ALLAN M. LAING

A friend of the family muses over the Priestley cradle

I'm fair capped
If I knoaw what to wish thee, Jack (apart
from good 'ealth an' good luck
An' all that stale old muck);
But if so be it's 'apped
That tha's been born wi' a talent for
summat, lad, why then
I wish thee the time an' chance to mak'
the moast of it,
'cos, speakin' for mysen,
That's 'appiness. Ay, an' may tha be spared
a nature that one failure depresses
Moare than ten successes.
Rejoice – 'cos, ootherwise, tha'll get a chip
on thy shoulder
As big as a bloody greeat boulder;
An', Jack, what's moare,
Tha'lt becoom nobbut a crackin' old boare!

MARTIN FAGG

DR BEECHING

Poverty is dull of face
And has no aptitude for grace
Weak of will and fraught with sin
Envious of the victor's win.
Let us then the gods beseeching
Praise the birth of infant Beeching
(Weed the tares and scotch the thistle)
Hark the distant engine's whistle
Rushing onward ne'er to stop
So shall he rise to the top
On the golden summit basking
Wealth is there just for the asking.

L. G. UDALL

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

The season of village flower-shows is over and it has once again demonstrated the change-resistant toughness of our class system. This is manifest, first of all, in the management of the societies or committees which run the shows. No doubt there are exceptions, but by and large it is middle-class members who, even in joining, often – perhaps unwittingly, seem to confer a favour, who are proposed for and elected to office by the working-class majority. The committee will sometimes include one or two exceptionally bustling working-class types. But in some strange way, rather like Labour men in office, they soon get to look uncommonly like the middle-class chairman and secretary.

In short, I cannot think of any better institution in which to study the workings of British democracy than a village flower-show committee. I even knew one once in which a Communist, who had come to village life from industry because of his health, tried to take over the show by manipulating the speechless voters who attended general meetings only to raise their hands at the chairman's bidding. The ordinary villager's knowledge of and respect for correct procedure and conduct of meetings is remarkable. By applying it he gains the impression that he is exercising his rights. Democracy, in the flower-show committee as at Westminster, has become a mere rite. And after three or four

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meetings one sees why it is that a party of industrial operatives, the Labour Party, is led by a Wykehamist.

Nor is it only in committee management that the shadow has replaced the substance. The prize-winning carrots and parsnips at such shows – perfect in form and colour and four times life size – are not grown as food to be eaten, but as objects of vertu. If this called for skill it would be good fun; but it doesn't, all you do is to buy a text book on growing vegetables for show, and follow some very simple instructions, such as filling a drain-pipe with a special compost enriched with growth-stimulants and growing your carrots in it. The purpose of village shows was, originally, to improve the quantity, quality and diversity of garden produce by using competition to stimulate emulation and to increase skill by trying it hard. This has been lost sight of. And it is silly to think that this does not matter and that anyway the whole subject is too trivial to merit a moment's attention. There are about nine million amateur gardeners in Britain; their contribution to the national table is economically important; hygienically, it is even more important if it be true that fresh vegetables are better for you than stale ones. In the last century we have got into the way of thinking that we can buy foodstuffs anywhere. But now it seems that we are bankrupt. It would probably be easy to restore the purpose of village shows: all judges at such shows use the Royal Horticultural Society's rules; they can be changed.

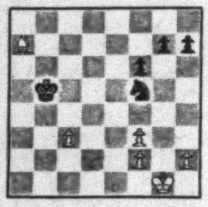
The rest would be up to the judges; and their decision would be final all right: if you want to look upon a man who knows he's important and whose solemn port and stately gait would provide a model for the LCJ, go and see the man judging cabbages in the marquee near the village in July or August. There is only one more awe-inspiring spectacle of the god-like: the three Beings with their heads together – two gentlemen and one who isn't – judging cattle at an agricultural show. But even firm judges and good rules will not get rid of another fault in village shows, and one which is another class-distinction derivative. Some vegetables, like some flowers and some fruits, are middle-class only. Once this was understandable: they were products of professional gardeners employed by the gentry, and of hot-houses. Moreover the cottager grew his stuff for nourishment only, not for aesthetic pleasure. The economic cause has almost gone; the effect remains. Take asparagus: it is the second best of all vegetables; a vigorous, long-lived perennial, it can be grown with less labour than peas or beans. But working-class gardeners treat it as if it were an officers-only preserve even though, square yard for square yard of soil, it gives more food than anything but potatoes. The truth, partly, is that the English, and the working class is more English than the middle-class, do not *like* food in its aesthetic aspect. This dislike has spread to the middle-class. Consequently, the most exquisite of all vegetable foods which can be grown here, that weed of our southern shingle foreshore, seakale, once commonly grown and blanched with skill and care, is now a great rarity.

City Lights: *Taurus is on holiday.*

The Chess Board

No. 614. The Tactical Surprise

Having looked at an important book on tactics last week, let us now see which piece is most likely to provide a tactical surprise. Undoubtedly the Knight whose astonishing capers may well ensnare the King in a mating net emerging all of a sudden. A significant case in point, here's a story Paul Schlensker told against himself in his admirable *Schach-Echo* column. White in this position and about to drop his plus-pawn he wouldn't be content with a draw and fell for what he calls 'the asinine notion' of conquering the g-pawn. 1) f4??, Kc4; 2) Kg2, Kc3:; 3) Kf3,Kd3; 4) Kg4, Kth6†; 5) Kh5?? ['Whom the gods wish to destroy they strike with blindness' is Schlensker's comment], Ke4; 6) Bc5, Kf3! [It was now only that he was shocked to notice the mating net and missed the only hope of Bf8 followed by the B-sacrifice]; 7) Kh4?, Ktf5†; 8) Kh3, g5!; 9) fg:,fg: 10) Resigns.



And here (Kreiser-Willmes 1961) another case of White, a P up, refusing the offer of a draw. /8/p1k5/5kt2/KBP5/8/P7/16/. 1) . . . Ktg8!; 2) Ka6, Kb8; 3) a4, Kte7!; 4) a5??, Ktd5!!, and the draw, scorned a few moves earlier, was well and truly avoided.

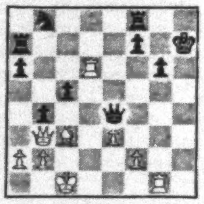
Now here's another example of a Knight's surprisingly glorious sortie. Jefaskin-Orehov 1961 : /rktb1k1r1/ppp1ktpQ1/1q2p3/7p/4p3/2Kt5/PPP2PPP/2KR1BKtR/. Does the Queen budge? Certainly not. Kte4 jumps to the lady's rescue, Black tries to counter the mating threat by . . . Ktd7, but the White Rook grabs the would-be protector, and Black resigns.

A pretty 4-mover by Bethge (1922), neatly illustrating the solitary Knight's power against a suitably enmeshed King. /16/5p2/8/p3KtKpk/7p/7P/8/. By 1) Ktg3 White continues the enmeshing, and while Black can do no better than queening his pawn the mating-net is completed by Kf5-g6 and Ktf5

Much the same idea was exploited by Dr. Ossip Bernstein when (in 1909) he reached this position against that notorious sucker A. N. Other : /3kt4/8/pppKt4/k7/2P5/1K6/P7/8/. Bernstein forced the mate by c5!, followed by a3! and the Kt-mate. A pretty case of *zugzwang*.

Finally one more case of a draw-offer's untimely refusal. Dr. Krejcik offered the draw in this position. /16/2kt1R1kp/2r1p3/7P/6K1/6Kt1/8/. Black, too proud of his plus-pawn refused and played . . . Kh5; whereupon White played Re5:!!, and the draw, indeed, was out of the question.

A: Zaetzer 1960



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White made a gloriously powerful move, thereby forcing his opponent's instant resignation. Why and how? (The sucker of this story, incidentally, was none less than grandmaster Spassky). For 6 and 7 ladder-points, **B,** a win, and **C,** a draw, are subtly entertaining. Usual prizes. Entries by 28 August.

B: H. Mattison: /8/k7/4P3/4K3/5B2/P7/8/r7/.

C: D. N. Grigoriev: /8/p7/p7/8/3K4/1k6/1P6/8/.

REPORT on No. 611. Set 28 July

A: 1) Bf6†!!, Kf6:; 2) Ktd5 mate; or . . . K any; 2) Qg7† etc.

B: 1) Ktc4†, Kf4(best); 2 Ktg7!, Rd5(best); 3 Kte6†, Ke4; 4) Kg4!, h5†; 5) Kh4, Rd1; 6) Ktg5†, Kf4; 7) Kth3†, Ke4; 8) Ktf2† etc.

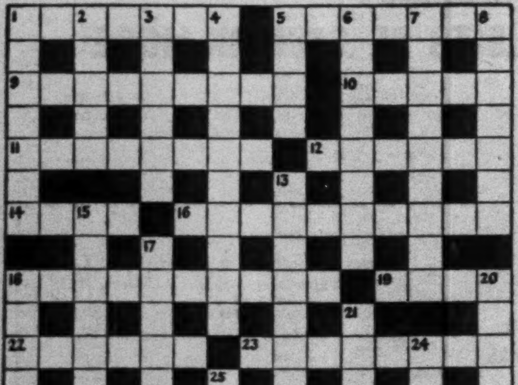
C: 1) Kb3!, Kb1; 2) e4!, Kc1; 3) Kc3!, Kd1; 4) Kd3, Ke1; 5) e5! (Ke3?), Kf2; 6) e6, d6; 7) Ke4!, Kg3; 8) Kf5! etc., or 1) . . . e6; 2) c4! (Ka3?), d6(best); 3) e5!, d5; 4) Ka3, Kb1; 5) Kb3, Kc1; 6) Kc3, Kd1; 7) Kd3, Ke1; 8) Ke3 etc.

Many bouquets for **C** which was far from easy. Even so a good many correct solutions. Prizes: M. P. Furmston, W. T. Maccall, B. Silver, A. J. Sobey, A. G. Summers.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword 471

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 471, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 29 August.



ACROSS

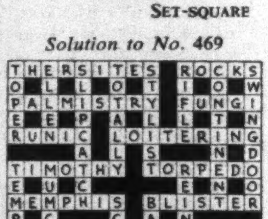
1. Heavenly beings pull for a place near Oxford (7).
5. Instrument for putting Kingsley in the money (7).
9. Target for the unemotional (9).
10. Recesses when there are no expressions of approval (5).
11. Disturbed in a sleep to punish (8).
12. 'A great devotee of the —— of Getting On' (Shaw) (6).
14. Run for the line (4).
16. Exchanges about ring me: they supply information about the weather (10).
18. The man who makes money has to surpass it with a record (10).
19. Inch which may cover a large area (4).
22. 'But facts are facts and —— not' (Browning) (6).
23. Carol holding a summit for oratory (8).
26. Run for an actor (5).
27. Wide awake as a publisher and press chief (9).
28. The cricketer behind the throw is a jew (7).
29. Lived for a team in Arsenal colours (7).

DOWN

1. Pure god defiled in sections (7).
2. Place for a crossing-sweeper in the row (5).
3. Equipment for putting two animals up (6).
4. Where you can put a little bit on the horses (10).
5. The courts' chosen race (4).
6. Means of entry for the start of a vacation among the shades (8).
7. Late news which makes the saint persecute (9).
8. Settles comfortably when ten less are involved (7).
13. Means of telling the strength of the Houyhnhnms? (10).
15. Plausible argument making a concession on man's effort (9).
17. Way of playing when the gut producer goes up and down in the note (8).
18. Boxes containing a number of potential gifts (7).
20. Finish without a pledge for those soon to wed (7).
21. Resort for cold girls (6).
24. Green, but I competed (5).
25. Flee humbug (4).

Set-square

Solution to No. 469



Prizewinners to No. 469

A. G. James (Whitchurch)
Mrs M. Campbell (Glasgow)
D. Hawes (Wisbech)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman. Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE FACULTY OF ARCHAEOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY

Applications are invited for the post of University Demonstrator in Physical Anthropology (maximum tenure, five years). The person appointed will be expected to have some acquaintance with population studies and biological statistics. The pensionable stipend of a University Demonstrator is £900 a year, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,150 a year. Family allowances are also payable.

Applications (ten copies) with the names of not more than three referees should be sent to the Secretary of the Appointments Committee, Faculty of Archaeology and Anthropology, Downing St, Cambridge, from whom further particulars can be obtained, so as to reach him not later than 18 Sept. 1961.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

A vacancy arises for the temporary appointment of Child Care Officer in the Weston-super-Mare Area for a period of one year during the secondment of a number of staff for professional training. Salary dependent upon qualifications and experience, at appropriate point on Special Scale. Applicants holding the Home Office Child Care Certificate will commence at not less than £820 per annum. Ability to drive a car is essential and a car can be provided.

Letters of application giving age, qualifications, experience and previous appointments, together with the names and addresses of three referees should be sent as soon as possible to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

GLAMORGAN COUNTY COUNCIL

require:

(a) SOCIAL WELFARE OFFICERS in Bridgend and Rhondda Areas.

Salary, if in possession of University Social Science qualification, £665-£975 per annum, but consideration will also be given to persons not so qualified for appointment as Trainees. Salary during training £420-£630 or £710, according to age and GCE qualifications, and on completion of training and passing of an internal examination £665-£915.

(b) WELFARE ASSISTANTS in Bridgend, Caerphilly and West Glamorgan Areas

Applicants for posts (a) and (b) must be over 21 years of age.

(c) GENERAL DIVISION CLERKS at Neath and Cardiff

Salary for (b) and (c) appointments rising to £630 or £710, according to age and GCE qualifications.

Application forms and further details from Director of Welfare Services, County Hall, Cardiff.

Closing date 23 August 1961.

RICHARD JOHN,
Clerk of the County Council.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF WEST HAM

Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker

Applications invited for this post which combines preventive care and after care duties in a developing community mental health service with child guidance, staff training and consultative service.

Personal enquiries and visits to the Department would be welcomed.

Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health, 99 The Grove, Stratford, E15, returnable by 31 August 1961.

CITY OF BATH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Bath Academy of Art, Corsham, Wilts

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Catering Superintendent. Applicants should be trained and experienced in Institutional Management. Salary £555 x £20 to £625, including £110 allowance for board and residence. Particulars and application forms from the Principal at the above address.

H. W. Brand, Director of Education,
Guildhall, Bath.

BRUCE Youth Club: Wanted full-time assistant woman club leader. Salary according to experience plus full board. Replies to The Warden, St Hilda's East, 3 Old Nichol Street, E2.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from men or women for appointment as Child Care Officers. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the child care field. Salary within the scale £665-£975; commencing salary not less than £820 for holder of Child Care Certificate. The persons appointed will be required to work from offices in south and south-east Essex, and to carry out the full range of duties. Car for officer's sole use provided by the County Council. Unfurnished flats may be available in two areas. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford, not later than 31 August.

RAMPTON HOSPITAL, RETFORD, NOTTS

(Special Hospital for Mentally Subnormal Patients)

WHOLETIME CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Considerable scope for research. Close association with University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology), with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent House or quarters available. NHS Conditions and Superannuation applicable. Salary Scale – £790-£1,100 (post-probationary) plus £65 allowance. Candidates may visit hospital by appointment. Applications giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and naming three referees to Medical Superintendent not later than 23 August 1961.

ST JOHN'S AND MANOR HOUSE HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of Probationer Clinical Psychologist to participate in a scheme for training Probationers in the Oxford Region.

The Probationer will work with the Senior Clinical Psychologist at St John's Hospital, which is a Psychiatric Hospital with 865 beds. He will be expected to work with in-patients and out-patients, adults and children, and there are opportunities for research. An Honours degree in Psychology is essential.

Salary in accordance with Whitley Scales – £625 x 25(2) x 30(1) x 25(1) – £730.

Applications, with the names of two referees, to be made to the Group Secretary, St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr Aylesbury, Bucks.

ST JAMES' HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE, PORTSMOUTH

PROBATIONER PSYCHOLOGIST required. Honours degree in Psychology essential. The post offers excellent opportunities for training and experience in clinical work with both adults and children, and the candidate appointed will be expected to divide his time between the two departments. Salary and conditions of service will be in accordance with Whitley Council recommendations.

The Hospital is pleasantly situated in the City of Portsmouth, with easy access to the sea, and less than two hours journey from London. Further information may be obtained from the Principal Psychologist.

Applications, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the PHYSICIAN SUPERINTENDENT, St James' Hospital, Portsmouth.

SOUTHERN GENERAL HOSPITAL, GLASGOW, SW1
PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER AND SOCIAL WORKER

Applications are invited for a 2nd Psychiatric Social Worker and a Social Worker in the Department of Psychological Medicine associated with the University of Glasgow.

This department has 93 beds and a varied and busy Out-patient Department, including a children's clinic and Day Hospital. The Psychiatric Social Worker's/Social Worker's duties are connected with all, and works as an integral part of the hospital team. A newly qualified Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker can be supervised and an experienced Psychiatric Social Worker would have scope for special interests.

Applications to the Medical Superintendent, Southern General Hospital, Glasgow, SW1.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary. 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

HOSPITAL SERVICE ADMINISTRATION

The Board's Architect's Department is engaged in a very large development programme of hospital building and wish to appoint a PRINCIPAL ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT to have charge under the Regional Architect of the Non-professional administration of the Department.

Sound administrative experience is more important than precise knowledge of this type of work.

Salary Scale £1,267-£1,506.

Apply stating age, qualifications and experience, with names of two referees, to Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 40 Eastbourne Terrace, London, W2, by 4 September, quoting reference 962.

NEW APPROVED SCHOOL
HEADMASTER AND DEPUTY HEADMASTER

required for new approved school in Lothians. School will accommodate 40 boys aged 13 and over. Applicants should be up-to-date in their knowledge on the problems of delinquency and should be prepared to adopt an experimental approach to work with boys who are to be licensed early.

Salaries on the appropriate basic scales. Responsibility payment of headmaster £830. Responsibility payment of deputy headmaster £130 with approved school allowance of £135 and appropriate residential duty allowance. The posts are superannuable.

Applications, on a form obtainable from the Secretary, W. M. Morrison, OBE, 41 Mansionhouse Road, Edinburgh, 9, should be returned to him not later than 8 September.

PERSONAL SECRETARY (Scale I)

Required by the Deputy Treasurer. Good educational background. Willing to accept responsibility and show initiative. Good appearance essential. Whitley Council pay and conditions. Five day week. Paid holidays. Modern offices opposite Paddington Station. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present salary and the names of two referees, to be sent to the undersigned at 40 Eastbourne Terrace, London, W2, by 25 August.

E. G. BRAITHWAITE, Secy,
SOUTH-WEST METROPOLITAN REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD.

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UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Chair of Political Studies. The Council invites applications for the above-mentioned Chair. At present Political Science is taught only as a Stage I unit and is limited to the history of political thought. The intention is to develop a Department of Political Studies teaching all stages of the BA and MA degrees, including in its scope both the study of political philosophy and its history and the study of political institutions and activity connected with them. Additional staff will be recruited as need arises. The salary attaching to the position is £2,800 per annum and an allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 September 1961.

AUSTRALIAN National University. School of General Studies. Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the following appointment in the School of General Studies of the University. Appointee will be required to take up duty on 1 January 1962, or as soon as possible thereafter. In the Faculty of Arts: Lecturer in French. Applicants should be honours graduates in French and should have spent a period of study in France. They should be well acquainted with French Literature and have a good command of the spoken language. The salary range for a lecturer is £A1,650-100-£A2,450. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 29 September 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Associate-Professor in Mediaeval History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of History. This is a newly created position. The salary will be £A3,300 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A49 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars, and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office) Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 22 September 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Associate-Professorship in Economics. The Council invites applications for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should be qualified to teach in the fields of economic theory (including the history of economic thought) and mathematical economics. The salary is £2,250 per annum, and an allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, SW1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 Sept. 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Lecturer in Sociology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment in the Department of Psychology. Applicants should have an Honours degree or higher degree in some branch of sociology. Other things being equal the University would like to appoint a person with interests in sociological theory or criminology. The salary will be at the rate of £1,250 p.a. rising to £1,700 p.a. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 September 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Lecturer in Social Science. The University desires to make an appointment to the above-named post on 1 February 1962 or as soon thereafter as may be possible. The salary scale is R2,680 x 120 – 3,520 (£1,340 x 60 – 1,760) per annum. Applicants should be qualified to teach general sociology. Special qualifications in social pathology would be an advantage. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work, completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment, including transport expenses on appointment, and information on the work of the department may be obtained) not later than 30 September 1961. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, to reach him by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants, or to make no appointment.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for two Senior Research Assistants for the University research project on the prescribing of drugs by doctors and the distribution of products by drug houses. Preference will be given to candidates qualified in medicine, psychology or sociology. The appointment will be for two years, and the initial salary will be £1,200 per annum. Applications quoting Reference CV/NS, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 16 September 1961, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BBC requires Television Producer in Glasgow. Duties: to devise, investigate, prepare and produce television programmes including outside broadcasts. Outside broadcasts will be of all types – built, ceremonial, and occasionally sport; studio productions to include current affairs. Essential qualifications: good education; thorough knowledge of Scotland and Scottish affairs; wide range of interests; ability to think imaginatively in visual terms and to implement ideas efficiently under pressure and at speed. Experience in television production and/or film making and in co-ordinating a wide variety of programme material an advantage. Successful candidate must have knowledge of techniques of television production including preparation of studio plans and camera scripts and control in the gallery. Salary £1,725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,225 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.367 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

COPY-typists: temporary. 10-5 p.m. 10 guineas. MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant in School Publications Editorial Department. Duties comprise layout and design (including some proof correction) of School Broadcasting pamphlets, which cover wide range of educational subjects. Good working knowledge of printing methods and some qualifications as a designer required. Salary £905 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,155 max p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.366 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires German Monitor with knowledge of another European language, preferably Spanish, Portuguese, French or Dutch, based at Caversham, near Reading. Applicants must have idiomatic knowledge of at least two languages. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English are essential. Short-listed candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,230-£1,555 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.369 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council, Health Department. Applications are invited from men or women for full-time appointments as Mental Welfare Officers. Duties will be concerned with the community care of subnormal patients and a smaller but increasing number of mentally ill people. It is hoped to establish a comparable standard of case work for both categories and the new worker will be expected to take a mixed case load, though working predominently with the mentally subnormal. For the time being compulsory removals will continue to be done by the Welfare Officers appointed under the National Assistance Act who are also Mental Welfare Officers. Applicants should have previous experience in the mental health field and be able to drive a car. Preference will be given to those holding a Social Science Diploma or Certificate and likely to be suitable for later secondment for training as Psychiatric Social Workers. Salary, according to experience and qualifications in the Social Welfare Officers' grade – £665-£975 per annum. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Hertford.

LONDON County Council. Mental Welfare Officer (man or woman) preferably with social science qualification required to work as member of team of mental health social workers in one of the nine health divisions of the county. Work offers scope for those interested in the community care of the mentally disordered. Occasional weekend and evening duty on rota basis at County Hall. £740-£1,060 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Car allowance for travelling on official duties. Married women eligible. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/N/2323/8), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 25 August.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker required at the Child Guidance Centre, Education Dept, Town Hall, Hornsey, N8 (a new Centre is being planned). An experienced part-time Psychiatric Social Worker is assisting at the Centre. PTA salary & quals. £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, above address, returnable by 31 August. (Quote G.989 NS.)

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker (female) reqd at Ealing Child Guidance Centre, one of a team of four. Should hold Mental Health Certificate or approved equivalent. PTA salary & quals. £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Established. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castelbar Rd, Ealing, W5 returnable by 1 September. (Quote H.75NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Trainee Assistant Youth Employment Officers (male or female) reqd in Youth Employment Service in Middlesex. Good education essential, age preferably between 21 & 35, exper. in Youth Employment Service not necessary. On satisfactory completion of six months training, trainees will be eligible for appointment to established posts. Salary APT I £645-£815 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions. Application forms & further particulars from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 1 September. (Quote H.74NS).

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Area Secretary at the Cardiff office of the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union. Applicants must have at least three years' continuous membership of a Trade Union prior to the date of application. Duties include development of membership and conduct of negotiations. Commencing Salary £21 rising to £25 per week. Applications, with qualifications, to the Chairman, South Wales and West of England Area Council, C & AWU, 67 Park Place, Cardiff, to arrive not later than first post, 14 Sept. '61

ST PANCRAS Borough Council. Appointment of Librarian. A vacancy exists for a Senior Assistant in the Public Libraries Department, (second-in-charge of a Branch) – APT Grade II – £815-£960 plus London weighting allowance. Applications invited from Chartered Librarians (ALA) with thorough knowledge of all routine duties and experience of modern library methods and activities. St Pancras has a building programme which includes a Central Library and four branch libraries. Applicants must disclose if related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing disqualifies. Applications by letter with names of three referees by 4 September. R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd, London, NW1.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd. Education Department. Applications are invited for the post of Sectional Education Officer in the Midland Section with headquarters in Birmingham. The officer will be responsible for development of co-operative education, including member and technical education and the Co-operative Youth Movement. Salary in a scale £850-£1,050; commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application form and further details from Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned by 31 August 1961.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, SW1. Psychiatric Social Worker required (female). Qualified or fully experienced, for work with adults and children, Out-Patients and In-Patients. NHS salary scale. Hospital may be visited by arrangement. Applications with names of two referees to Assistant Secretary.

SHEFFIELD International Centre. Warden required for mid-September or as soon as poss. Post calls for initiative in arrangement of social and educational programme, and sympathetic approach in dealing with some 40 nationalities. Salary approx. £550. For full details send s.a.e. (f'cap) to 25 Broomhall Road, Sheffield, 10, by 31 Aug.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Senior Research Officer to direct a longitudinal study of technical education and apprenticeship. This study, which is supported by a grant from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, is part of the National Survey of Child Health and Development. The appointment will be for an initial period of three years on scale £1,400 x 100 – £1,600 plus FSSU. Applicants should be University graduates with research experience in education or applied psychology; experience in the training department of an industrial organisation would be an advantage. Applications should be sent before 20 September 1961 to: Dr J. W. B. Douglas, Usher Institute, Warrender Park Road, Edinburgh, 9, enclosing the names of two referees. The successful applicant will work in the first place in Edinburgh and after January 1962 at the London School of Economics.

STATISTICS and Biometrics. Pfizer Ltd, a young Company with diverse interests in medicine, chemicals and agriculture, wishes to appoint a qualified Statistician who will be responsible to the Company's Statistician. A person with one or two years' experience in the application of statistics will be preferred. The person appointed will be involved in the application of statistics to various fields, such as clinical trials of new ethical pharmaceuticals, animal nutrition, statistical quality control, market research and operational research. The diversity of the Company's interests throws up a wide range of possibilities and calls for a wide utilisation of statistical devices, and for the provision of advice to people in a variety of professions. Employment conditions at Pfizer are first-class, and the situation of the plant in East Kent offers a variety of attractive places in which to live. Please, will those who are interested apply to the Personnel Officer (Research), Pfizer Ltd, Sandwich, Kent.

MANCHESTER University Settlement wishes to appoint a Sub-Warden (Female) as soon as possible. The Sub-Warden will be expected to take special responsibility for part of the expanding Settlement programme. Salary according to qualifications, experience and age. Further details from the Warden, 20 Every Street, Manchester, 4.

YOUTH Leaders, married couple reqd for YWCA Youth Centre, Perry Common, Birmingham. Attractive accommodation provided or if preferred post could be non-resident. Applicants would need to have relevant training or experience in youth work and be prepared to develop activities among older age groups. Good salary offered. Apply YWCA Area Offices, 3 Stone Road, Birmingham, 15.

MAGDALEN College Club, 83 Werrington Street, London, NW1. Part-time Girls' Leader required by mid-September for this mixed club and centre for community work. Previous experience essential. Salary proportionate to full-time scale starting at £550 p.a. For details apply to the Hon. Secretary.

COMMITTEE clerk (male or female) required. Salary by arrangement. Luncheon vouchers. Pension scheme. Apply stating qualifications. RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, London, SW1.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers required for skilled casework in community care services. Part-time psychiatric social workers considered. Work is developing in scope and individual interest in various aspects of social treatment is encouraged. More experienced psychiatric social workers have opportunity of learning teaching methods & group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers and County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. Casework consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals and salary. Car allowance payable. Prescribed conditions. Particulars and 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 and 7 Old Queen Street, SW1, by 8 September. (Quote H.69 NS).

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications are invited for the appointment of Male Clerk (resident or non-resident) not under 21 years at Chafford School, Ramsey, near Harwich, an Approved School for 91 boys, 13 to 17 years. Good educational standard required with clerical and book-keeping experience, typing essential, shorthand an advantage. 38-hour week with additional supervisory duties outside office hours for which extra payment is made. Commencing salary according to experience rising to £630 p.a. (or to £710 p.a. if appropriate GCE certificates held), less £120 p.a. if resident (single accommodation only). Payment for supervisory duties at the rate of £216 p.a. may be made for an average of not less than 15 extra hours a week. Assistance with removal expenses in approved cases. Apply: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

CROWLEY House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29 (under the control of the Committee of the Middlemore Homes) has a vacancy for a resident member of staff. Mothers come into residence with their young children for periods of up to four months for rest and guidance in home management and family care, and are sent by Local Authorities and Probation Committees. Husbands visit at week-ends. While experience in Social Work would be helpful it is more important applicants should have a keen interest in this kind of work and should be able to work as a member of a team in all the activities of the home concerning the families. Excellent accommodation is available in a newly built staff wing. Adequate domestic staff is employed. Good salary and pension scheme. Apply in writing to the General Sec. who will supply further information if required.

ST CHARLES' Hospital, Ladbroke Grove, W10. Young lady required as Student Electrocardiograph Technician for training at two large General Hospitals. Interesting post offered with training allowance of £250 per annum at age 17 to £325 per annum at age 21. GCE or equivalent desirable. Applications in writing to Hospital Secretary.

HOUSEPARENTS required young adult spastic centre, full social life, congenial surroundings, salary scales £475 to £600 less £120 value of emoluments. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Residential Centre, Oakes Road, Croydon.

MATHEMATICIAN, girl newly graduated, for research work with Oil Company. £700/£750 to start. CHA. 8217.

EXPANDING National Charity requires able person to take charge of Appeals Office. Work is interesting and varied. Light, pleasant office close Victoria Station. Commencing salary £700 per annum, or according to appeals experience. Write to Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, Ldn, SW1.

SECRETARY wanted for Child Development Course. First-class shorthand/typing and experience or interest in Education desirable. Salary on the scale £600-£750 with 4 weeks' annual leave. Applications to Dr C. W. Dixon, Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1.

SHORTHAND-Typists required for Trade Union Research and Parliamentary typing service. Salary at 21 years of age £11 8s. rising to £11 18s. per week after six months approved service. Five-day (35 hour) week; contributory superannuation scheme; good holidays. Telephone Administrative Officer, VICtoria 7671/8 for interview.

TYPOGRAPHER/Copywriter wanted by Oxford University Press, London, to help prepare press advertisements and other printed publicity. It is a job with considerable scope for the young man or woman who has typographical experience and a real interest in books. Write for early interview. Box 4981.

EXPERIENCED Confidential Secretary required for trade union office in Bromley (Kent) area. Must be able to act on own initiative and to take verbatim shorthand notes. Salary £834 per annum. 35-hour 5-day wk; Superannuation scheme; Canteen facilities. Write giving details of experience and education together with copies of two references to Box 5032.

ASSISTANT Youth Leader, male, required for open mixed club Marylebone. Three nights weekly. References essential. Apply Box 5110.

SECRETARY required in Baker Street area for Advertising Agency Director. Salary £12-£13 plus LV's. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

THE Fabian Society is shortly appointing an Assistant General Secretary. Vital job for convinced, informed and adaptable socialist with administrative capacity and experience. £600-£650 p.a. according to qualifications. Four weeks annual leave. Details and application forms, to be returned by 31 August, from General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

SECRETARY for social survey required. £650 per annum. Full-time, 4 weeks holiday. Apply Dr West, Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Road, SE5.

EMBASSY Secretary, attached to Air Attaché. No shorthand needed, only charm, nous & typing. 19 up, hrs 10-5, no Sats, long lunch hour. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

ASSISTANT required for Collet's Chinese Bookshop and Gallery. Duties include dealing with invoices and correspondence and helping in the shop. Fine opportunity for someone interested in Chinese art and literature. Elementary knowledge of Chinese an advantage. Salary and conditions according to TU Agreement. Apply 44/45 Museum Street, London, WC1.

NATIONAL Cash Accounting operator required, preferably with experience of Class 31 machine. Salary £265-£585 according to age. Applications should be made to Administrative Officer, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1. Jnr trainee would also be considered.

THE Record Company requires experienced proof-reader, male or female. Only experienced applicants with a wide knowledge of music should apply to Miss Bruce, Personnel Officer, The Decca Record Co. Ltd, 9 Albert Embankment, SE1.

INTERESTING post for intelligent young woman in small book-publishing house. Shorthand or publishing experience necessary. Box 5026.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

YOUNG woman wanted to live in and do housework at the country home which is destined to become the most famous worshipping ground in the world. Box 4982.

IF you can't go North – don't grouse. Come and have tea, a chat and a job with Winifred Johnson, Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next Gamages). HOL. 0390.

GENEVA – Engl. family urgently req. expd mother's help, car-driver, for abt 1 yr. Interviews London 23 Aug. Jones, 'Shades', Aldeburgh, Suffolk. (Tel. 478).

RONALD Duncan requires occasional secretary, literary work. Box 5015.

VERY light post; one lady, no companionship, cooking or rough. In return completely furnished, independent bed-sitter, unlimited hot water, pocket money. Suit retired person. Middle Sept. Box 4932.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXECUTIVE post reqd. Able organiser with considerable administrative experience, but no professional or technical quals, seeks change to employment where possibility of progress exists. Age 36. Box 4973.

TOP-grade Private Secretary large industrial concern sks appointment. £1,000 p.a. Temporary post considered. Box 5022.

JUNIOR Electron Microscopist seeks position. Write New Statesman, Box 4994.

YOUNG Socialist, 25, tired of industrial rat race, seeks post compatible with principles. Qual. GCE 'A' Level; deep interests: world affairs, social sciences, fine arts. Writer. Box 5037.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Moderate terms. Mrs Soward, 1 Bishops Avenue, Elstree, Herts. ELStree 3509.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing, translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N11. ENTerprise 3324.

ACCURATE, expert service. Marjorie Vernon, 34 Newman St, W1. LAN. 0740.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/ Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU. 6136.

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses etc. Revision/editing. Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

GREEK and Italian Villa Parties for intelligent young people. Prices (from 41 gns in Italy and 59 gns in Greece) include free trips by minibus, car, boat or 'Murison-cart', free wine, use of snorkels (aqualungs on Elba) and travel mostly by air. Murison Small, Travel Organiser, 11 Beauchamp Place, SW3. PARk 7055.

FAMILY Holiday in Swiss Chalet. For late holiday write immediately to Marti-Klossner, Spiezwiler, nr Spiez B.O., Switzerland. Private, terms reasonable.

ISRAEL from UK via Jugoslavia, Greece, Oct. 1961. Traveller (f.) wants 1 or 2 female companions willing co-drive, camp, share running expenses. Box 4905.

DOUBLE or single room San Sebastian, Sept.; cooking facs. £3 wkly. Box 5019.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

CAMPING Holiday tours for young people. France, Switzerland, Italy & Spain. 28 days £48 10s. 27 Aug. Vagabond Travel Ltd, 112 Fleet St, EC2. LUD. 9305.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

WHERE TO STAY

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Highham Hse, Salehurst. Robertsbridge, Sx Robertsbridge 426

PEMBROKESHIRE fishing village. Bed/breakfast. Sleep 3, use of sittingroom. Unspoilt County, lovely beaches. Dawkins, 5 The Green, Llangwm, Haverfordwest.

KESWICK Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508

VISITORS to London. Comfortable accom. with breakfast. BAY 1310

VACANCIES in Sept. for few paying guests in country house overlooking sea in secluded corner of island. Large garden, good food. Reas. charges, no extras. Children welcome. Downes, Beauchamp, St Lawrence, Isle of Wight. Tel. Niton 422.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'NEW Saltire', Scotland's provocative new quarterly. Lawrence Durrell on Sappho, Letter to Lord Harewood, Jamieson's Moon. 4s. post free, annual subscription 16s. From New Saltire, Gladstone's Land, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh.

THE Painter & Sculptor (editor Patrick Hayman), Summer issue just out, price 2s. 6d., includes 'Picasso: Myth and Reality' by Alfred Werner; and other illustrated, documentary accounts of artists' work. Good newsagents, or direct – single copy 2s. 10d. post free, yearly subscription 11s. 4d. – from: 7 Montserrat Road, SW15.

AUGUST 'Labour Monthly', War Threat – Why? Andrew Rothstein; The Case Against the Common Market: J. E. Mortimer; Boilermaker Speaks to Miners: E. J. Hill; African Workers Unite: Ian Page; 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

A WARNING to students – Buy your Russian textbooks and readers now in case stocks prove insufficient. At present we have plenty of the Potapova Grammar (Vol. I 7s. 6d.; Vol. II 9s. 6d.) and can offer the Muller English/Russian Standard Dictionary at 20s. while stock lasts. Collet's Russian Bookshop (N17), 44/45 Museum St, London, WC1, or through your bookseller.

'PHANTASTES' and 'Lilith' by George Macdonald wanted, any edition. Reeves, 35 Blackheath Park, SE3.

THE High Hill Bookshop is now at No. 6 Hampstead High Street (6 doors below old premises) with more space and books. Approx. 2,250 paperback titles in stock. HAM. 2218.

NS 1950-60 (two issues missing) for good offer or good cause. Box 4985.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford. 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht, R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

LIBRARIES bought: politics. economics. world affairs. We collect. RIV 6807 The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

PERSONAL

EDUCATED girl, 21, sks work with children in sympathetic home where baby, 5 months welcd. East Anglia prefd. Box 5004.

NEW York City, USA. Mature student, 20/23, Scottish or Danish preferred, companion for 16 yr old boy. Sailing cruise from Scandinavia 15 Sept. crossing Atlantic to Caribbean. Part-time companion NYC for 1 yr thereafter. Expenses, good salary. Personal interview arranged Edinburgh 21-31 August., London 5-8 September. Write details Box 5093.

SOUTH Midlands couple, lively forties, no ties, seek congenial couples, weekends, holidays etc. Box 5013.

ISRAELI sculptor urgently needs cheap studio/living space till April. Garage, shed, attic, anything. Box 4906.

WANTED 5 or 6 people interested in jointly buying a site, & jointly building own flat or house. Approx. capital required £1,000 each. Box 5089.

STUDENT (f.) willing to baby-sit, type, in return for cheap digs. Sidcup, Kent. October-March. Box 5091.

YOUNG worker-literary aspirant requires part-time work, pref. N. London. Anything considered. Please write: R. Alexander, 4 Union Road, Wembley, Middx.

BACHELOR, 27, offers share North London luxury flat. 3 gns. TUDor 4245 weekdays between 6-7.30 p.m. only.

AUTHOR'S household want young girl (school-leaver pref.) to live as one of family. Occas. help children and animals. No drudgery. 2 gns and board. 3-6 months or longer. Winter own chalet Zermatt, skiing etc. Some tutoring possible. Mrs Alan Clark, Town Farm, Bratton-Clovelly, Devonshire.

GERMAN stud. (f, 35) prep. exam. wishes stay good family central London. Some help (exact amount pre-arranged) morns & week/end return for full board. Box 5122.

STRONG, energetic male clerk sks farm work or similar 2-14 Sept. Box 5121.

VERY comf. furn. 2-rm flat Primrose Hill. £2 p.w. plus some housekeeping duties. Baby welcome. PRI. 4873 evgs.

HIGHBROW young man (28) seeks similar NS readers to share interests: music, art, literature, nature (walking), Bielefeld, West Germany. Box 5043.

ACCOMMODATION with garden London area reqd for 3 months for mother with two children aged 6 and 3. Preferably in private house with family and children, or alternatively fully furnished flat with garden. Any offers? Box 5094.

MARIONETTE Theatre reqs enthusiastic female manipulator with acting ability. Rationalist outlook desirable. Box 5005.

ITALY – why not? Fill a last minute vacancy – join a young mixed villa party Florence Sept., also see Venice, Rome or Sorrento. 36 gns 15 days, fare, full pension. Harley, 15 Endsleigh Street, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 1269 evenings.

INDIVIDUAL teaching & happy home offered to backward boy for next two or three terms. Companion to similar boy of 9. Wheeler, Pebble Court, Swinbrook, Oxford.

AU Pair: responsible girl to help in household mid-Sept. Live as family, own rm. Ample time for study. WES 9042 evngs.

USE comf. pleas. office, typewr., phone (Tr. calls to be pd for!) to intell., resp. person wishing to write or do other sim. wk, retn for answering phone when necess. & few hrs' typing p.w. which wld be paid for. Suit person typing for others. Box 5021.

OFFICE Accommodation: One large bright room available, main road Hammersmith. Rent reasonable. TERminus 9276

ANGLO-German family (Bielefeld) need mother's help October to March. Live as family, pocket-money. Box 5020.

OUTING by coach London to Stratford-on-Avon for 'Romeo & Juliet' matinee, dinner evg, on Sat. 26 August. 3 gns inc. Few tickets avail. Tel. FIN. 2715.

COME and meet The Companions at our dance on Friday 25 August at Victoria Coach Station Ballroom, 8 p.m. For details of other parties (theatre, rambles, sailing, etc.) send s.a.e. to Companions Club, 11S Dryden Chambers, W1.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, Devonshire Street, W1. WELbeck 8017.

200 postcards printed. Your name, address & telephone, 19s. 7d. Full printing service. Snowden, 19 Victoria Road, Broadstairs.

FULHAM: Lge bed-sit.-rm with ckg facs at low rent in return for school-taking in mornings. Exch. references. Box 5128.

PERSONAL—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join Now. Entrance fee suspended, special rates for teachers, during summer months. Enquiries about membership and full programme of exhibitions, lectures, discussions, concerts, library facilities, apply to Secretary (M), 17 Dover Street. Club and licensed bar.

ACROSS Frontiers: The Friends Service Council (Quakers) welcomes gifts and legacies for its international service oversea. FSC (26), Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1.

WHY Worry? Convert all your wasted energy into constructive action. Eliminate Fear, Depression and Worry with Pelmanism, you will then accomplish so much that you will have nothing to worry about. Write for free copy of 'The Science of Success' which fully describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St, London W1. WEL. 1411

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses', may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LAN. 3626 & Brighton 52663).

SHORTHAND-typists required: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

CHILDREN'S Summer holidays in happy surroundings. Every care. Thanet House. Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

CASH Prizes in Aug. Story Competition Free entry form and helpful booklet from British Institute of Fiction-Writing Science Ltd, 72 Fleet Street, London, EC4

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DEANER Printers Ltd, for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

HUMANISM – the outlook for the world we live in. Write Ethical Union (E), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

MRS P Perlow, psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd, Cricklewood, NW2 GLA 2400

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN 0461

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers Letterheads to books. The Blado Press. 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545

THE Linguists' Club. London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8

MODERN Contact Lens Centre. 7(N) Endsleigh Court, WC1 Booklet sent

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354

WRITE for Profit with the Premier School of Journalism Ltd (founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Lessons and exercises by top journalists and fiction writers. Write to Dept 7 for free copy of 'You In Print' and details of Special Guarantee. Free market service available to students.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

£100 – £50 – £25 Prizes in easy Quiz Competition. Send for Free Entry form – plus free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No sales – no fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, London, W1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

30 mins West End. Attractive furnished room. Electric fire, cooker, h. & c. water. Large garden. TUD. 0651 after 7.

GOLDERS Grn. Single room, cent. htd, quiet. Refs reqd. 3 gns. SPE. 3328.

OXFORD graduate wants sharer (male, under 32) for excellent flat, W8. Rent £12 12s. but share according to circumstances. Responsibility an asset. Box 5092.

FURN. single rm overlkg woods. Ckg facs, water. £3 10s. p.w. TUDor 0516.

TWO maniacs require two others to make up quartet in Kensington flat. £3 each p.w. WEStern 5975.

SUNNY, single bed-sitter to let. All facils. 6 minutes tube. MEA. 2424.

FURN. flat: 2 lge rms, bathrm, kit., c.h.w., frig. 5 mins Hampstead Heath. 8 gns wkly, fr. 1 Nov.-31 March. Box 5045.

ROOM and kit'ette in private home unfashionable North district. CLI. 5115.

LARGE, sunny room in Dr's house, SW12. Young (noisy) family. Own sep. kitchen. Suit one or two girls, £3 single; £2 10s. each sharing. Musician welcome. Box 5018.

PLEASANT lge rm, share usual amenities, daily serv. Gdn. Central. Excel. transp. Prof. person. 63s. inclusive. Box 5017.

WILL share flat with other non-status seeking woman. Own Park view room. 55s. incl. BRIxton 8503 evenings.

2 friends to share 2 rms, kit., frig., bth, w.c. N London. 3½ gns each. Box 5096.

ACCOM. avail. in pleasant comf. family house Putney Hill nr Heath. PUT. 0205.

FULHAM: good transport facilities. Ideal bed-sitting room for nurse with cooking facilities. Use of garden, share bath and toilet. Box 5129.

GRADUATE, (30), seeks congenial men or married couples to share pleasant Earls Court flat. FRE. 3615.

HAMPSTEAD, furnished flat. Young professional man seeks similar to share. £11 per month. Box 4889.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd. East Croydon CRO 2634.

TIRED of flat-hunting? Why not try Personal Accommodation Services who guarantee every unit offered personally viewed, clean and comfortable. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

FURNISHED country flat, within daily reach London. 2 rooms, kitchen, c.h.w. 3 gns. Woldingham 2374.

FURN. cottage Devon to let winter, 3 gns per week. Elec., all mains, telephone, sleep 7. Box 5014.

NORTH Devon. 26 Aug.-9 Sept. Peaceful bookish home, all convs, sleep 5-7. £15 per week. Box 5106.

ATTRACTIVE sunshine villas in Spain throughout the year. Write: Fox, c/o Banco de Bilbao, Cartagena.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG NZ sculptor seeks studio living quarters, furnished/unfurnished. Central London. Box 5104.

UNFURN. small flat reqd by bus. woman. Easy access Westminster. Box 5062.

SOUGHT: landlord, pref. NW1, WC1, N1, actively anti-colour bar, with 2 unfurn./part furn. rooms incl. kit. (bath?) for coloured WI metal worker and white English architect, anxious dec., convert. Box 5024.

PHYSIO. hopefully seeks 2/3 rooms, k. & b., unfurn. s/c. WC1, or adj. Will pay ½ Whitley scale (only income). No prem. HOLborn 6291 after 7 p.m.

BACHELOR, own bedclothes, crockery, seeks bedsitter, access kitchen, bath, North West London 5 September. Box 4984.

ROOF wanted with 2 bdrms, unfurn. flat underneath. £5 10s. max. No. f. & f. Poor profs, model tenants. Box 4993.

2 Slade students req. studio. Anything consid. £5 wkly. Tel. Reigate 4602.

SELF-contained studio wanted for artist. Hampstead area. 33 Hill Rise, NW11. MEA. 2875.

YOUNG graduate, Chinese wife, desperately need furn. flat under £6/central if possible, from late September. Box 4975.

CHEAP flats and rooms with cooking facilities required for students. Please write, stating terms, to Miss Owen, Royal College of Art, South Kensington, SW7.

TWO Ghanaian students seek flat Hampstead, Belsize Park area. Box 4962.

RELIABLE tenant, no children or pets, seeks furnished flat or house from October, in or near London. Long or short period. Low rental. PRI. 8363. Box 5073.

CAMBRIDGE graduate couple, English/Jamaican, seek s/c. flat, unfurn. (5 gns), furn. (7 gns), near City. Box 5097.

AMERICAN professor, wife, sons 8, 6, 6, seek furnished flat, house or part house, pleasant area in or near London. 1 Sept. to 31 Dec. 1961. Maximum 9 gns. Box 4181.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SPACIOUS timber bungalow, 4 large rms, mod. kit. & bthrm, all serv. ½ acre, nice road. 12 mins stn., £4,000. 'Langley', Hill House Drive, Billericay, Essex.

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Season opens 13 Sept.
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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evenings 8.0, Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Lady Chatterley'. Members.

MERMAID. CITy 7656. O'Casey's 'The Bishop's Bonfire'. 6.0, 8.40.

ROYAL Court, SLOane 1745. Today 7.30 sharp. Saturday 2.30 and 7.30 sharp. Albert Finney in John Osborne's 'Luther'. Transfers to Phoenix Theatre 5 September.

THE Lord Chamberlain Regrets . . . the new revue going to the Saville Theatre 23 August. Book now.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Beer & Skittles! New Edition Melodrama & Music Hall! Londoners should bring their visitors Fri., Sats., Suns. 7.45. Theatre members 5s. p.a.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS
Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
(Monday, 21 Aug. at 7)

Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors only.

ENTERTAINMENTS

NATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL
Athletic Association Ground
RICHMOND

Saturday 26 August
Chris Barber, Johnny Dankworth, Bob Wallis, Tubby Hayes, Mike Cotton, Joe Harriott, Merseysippi, Bruce Turner, Fairweather-Brown, Don Rendell, Ronnie Ross, etc.

Sunday 27 August
Ken Colyer, Alex Welsh, Terry Lightfoot, Dick Charlesworth, Clyde Valley, Ken Sims, etc.

25 STAR BANDS

Tickets: Afternoon 7s. 6d. Evening 10s. All Day 15s. Weekend 25s. Available from NJF, 18 Carlisle St, W1. (GER. 8923) or main agencies.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 20 Aug.: Hitchock's 'The Lady Vanishes' (A). From 21 Aug.: Laurence Olivier in 'Wuthering Heights' (U).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season – Sundays only until 10 Sept. 6 p.m. Soviet Ballet film of Shakespeare's Othello (U). 8.30 p.m. Bolshoi prod. Tchaikovsky's opera Queen of Spades (U). All seats bookable. WATerloo 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON
ROYAL PAVILION
Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Relics and Memorial Objects of the Princess Charlotte.
Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

GANYMED Reproductions, average price unframed 3 gns, frames in various styles if required, all on view at 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. Illus. Catalogue 2s.

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays 10-1 p.m. Old Masters.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Artist in His Studio – Photographs by Alexander Liberman. Until 26 August. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., mems free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Jasper Rose, Clara Salvatori, Wendy Sparks: Paintings. 21 Aug. to 9 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

STAGE Design in Great Britain since 1946. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 26 Aug. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

SMALL Early English Water-colour Landscapes and Water-colours by A. W. Rich, at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond Street.

NEW London Gallery. 17-18 Old Bond St. W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12. New London Situation. From 18 August.

WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork St, W1. Hilton, Hitchens, Heron, Frost, Yeats. Wynter, etc. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art'. Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5. Sats 10-12.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Old Masters at under £200. 9.30 to 5.30, Monday to Friday.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 21 August. Paintings by Dennis Bowen, Marcelle van Caillie, Daphne Reynolds and Jeannette. From 23 August. Six Flemish Painters. In co-operation with Madeleine Gallery, Brussels, Sculpture by Rummel.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

MOLTON Gallery. Martinez: Sculpture. First London Exhibition 10 Aug.-2 Sept. 44 South Molton St, W1. MAY. 2482.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq. W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LISTENING. The fifth meeting in the series 'Listening' organised by Dr Rachel Pinney will be held on Monday, 28 August at 7.30 p.m. in Friends House, Euston Road. Alderman P. G. F. Barry, JP, will speak on Civil Defence to Rate and Tax refusers and sympathisers. The chair will be taken by Donald Groom who has worked with Gandhi. The ultimate objective of these meetings is to break down the 'conference deadlock' at which people talk at and not to each other and where nobody listens to anybody else.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

COMMITTEE OF 100

The Committee have organised a series of 'schools' to enable friends and supporters to have a better understanding of what is being attempted.

The first series relates directly to the September demonstrations planned in Scotland and London. Speakers are members of the Committee.

22 Aug.	THE ROLE OF NON VIOLENCE
29 Aug.	COPING WITH ONESELF AND THE AUTHORITIES
5 Sept.	COMMUNICATIONS AND MARSHALLING
12 Sept.	THE SEPTEMBER DEMONSTRATIONS

All four meetings to take place at Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1, each commencing at 7 p.m. Cost of series 5s. or 1s. 6d. per session payable at the door. Early application advised. Further information from 13 Goodwin Street, N4. Telephone ARChway 1239.

ATV's 'Forum', Sunday, 20 August. Motion: 'Thank God for the English Channel'. Main Speakers: Vincent Kane and Shirley Williams. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in live programme? Be at the Studios, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 1 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Peter Shore on 'The Consequences of Selwyn Lloyd'. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 23 August, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors welcome

PUBLIC Meeting: Berlin/Negotiate Now. Come and hear prominent speakers, Tues., 22 August, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 8 p.m. sharp.

'GRAPHOLOGY' – a talk to be given by Manfred Lowengard, D.Phil., M.Sc.G. (Eng.). The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1, on Wed. 23 August at 8 p.m.

'THEOSOPHY and Re-incarnation'. Public lecture. 20 Aug., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

NO War over Berlin – Tower Hill, 12.30 p.m. Friday 18 August, Tuesday 22 August. Sybil Morrison, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, WC1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL. 3351

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
TOTTENHAM TECHNICAL
COLLEGE,
High Road, London, N15.
Principal: E. T. S. Hoffman, MA,
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FOUR MONTHS' INTENSIVE
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Commencing 18 September 1961
A Complete course in Shorthand, Typewriting and Office Training.
Minimum education qualifications: University degree, General Certificate of Education Advanced Level or equivalent.
Fee for the course: £12 15s.
Please write to the Principal at the College.

ADLERIAN Society (for Individual Psychology). Weekend Lecture School, 22 to 24 Sept., St Anne's College, Oxford. 'Symposium on Living'. Details: Sec., 3 Sherborne Gardens, W13.

RUSSIAN. Beginners' 18-lesson postal course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write Director of Studies, Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (est 1894)

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ENGLISH for foreigners at all levels by qualified tutors. Small classes or individual tuition. 10A Arkwright Rd, NW3.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons, Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

ST JAMES Academy, 283 Oxford Street, W1. HYD. 6524. Intensive 3-6-9-month Secretarial Courses for higher grade positions start 27 September and 8 January. Also Language Courses and English for Overseas Students. Remarkable results.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

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TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

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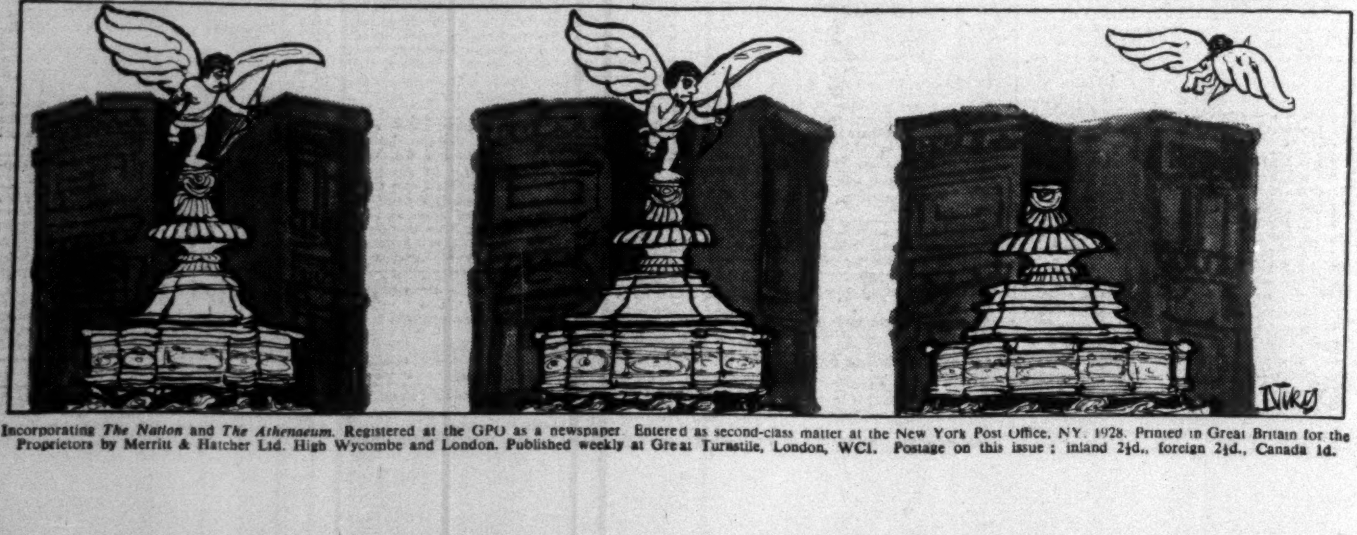

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